

Sports Illustrated


JUNE 5, 1967

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Next week

A U.S. OPEN PREVIEW: Jack Nicklaus assesses the Baltoral course, the drama of last year's Open is depicted in paintings and Dan Jenkins reports on the man with the tour's best swing.

THE STRATEGY of the 500 winner is revealed in an Indianapolis report by Rob Odom, whose story of America's biggest and richest race is illustrated with color photographs.

BEST-KEPT SECRETS—and best athletes—are the decathlon men John Underwood visits a swarm of them in their California pad, where track takes only 90% of their time.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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About a year ago we reported that Senior Editor Coles Phinizy had survived—thank God—another disaster, a plane crash into the Mexican jungle. This was about par for Phinizy's perilous course—he had previously dropped unceremoniously to earth in two other planes and had fallen 4,200 feet under a burst balloon. We were incautious enough to mention in that letter that Coles was currently occupied with skin diving "possibly because things seem to go better for him underwater than they do in the air." But on his most recent assignment he managed to get into trouble underwater, too. He was almost done in by oysters.

In Australia to interview Yacht Designer Warwick Hood for the closure beginning on page 76 of this issue, Phinizy volunteered to go down in 20 feet of water to search for an engine part some Australian had dropped overboard. This depth is nothing much for a skin diver, and Phinizy went over the side without an air tank, expecting no trouble. He promptly got his right leg stuck between a couple of pipes thickly encrusted with oysters. "Sydney oysters are the finest eating in the world," he said charitably last week, and Sydney oysters apparently return the com-

pliment. They were most reluctant to let Coles go, as a whole new batch of scars on his right leg indicates.

Phinizy has made four trips to Australia, and that continent has to hold a special place in the heart of the true connoisseur of Phinizy misfortune; what happens to him there is not so much lethal as bizarre. On one trip, he broke a tooth in flight by biting into a piece of taffy. On another, he dropped a suitcase down the side of a mountain. Once on his way to Australia, Coles suffered every inoculation known to man. "I was inoculated against dry rot, beriberi and black tooth," he recalls without enthusiasm, but somehow upon arrival he turned out to be carrying a record of inoculations that belonged not to him but to a photographer who was traveling with him. The photographer's record was blank. Coles was inoculated against dry rot, beriberi and black tooth.

And, of course, it was in Australia that he was attacked by red kangaroos. He was there to photograph them. "I got down at a low angle," he explains, "and I suddenly saw a red object flying. It came at me with all six feet, or however many feet a kangaroo has, and they only told me later that it had been trained as a boxing kangaroo."

Undeterred by these peculiar interruptions, Phinizy has consistently come home from Australia and elsewhere with stories as good as the one with which we are beginning our coverage of the 1967 America's Cup campaign. With a lot of luck, we hope to have more Phinizy stories on the cup as the campaign goes on. With the advent of the final trials and the cup competition itself, champion Yachtsman Carleton Mitchell will again be in action for us, backstopped by Artist Don Moss, Photographer Richard Meek, and another sailing champion, Bill Cox. We make this forecast confidently, certain that Mitchell, Moss, Meek and Cox are not going to be attacked by oysters. That could happen only to Editor Phinizy.



EDITOR PHINIZY DEFENDING CATASTROPHE

Gary Hall



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FRANCE



Prospecte

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to Britain



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to liquid



to comfort

BOOKTALK

A frustrated five-minute miler gathers the facts about sub-four-minute miles

Only a trivia fan with a photographic memory is likely to know what Harry Downes, Andy Green, Miroslav Jura, Bill McKim, Gerard Vervoort and DeVilliers Lamprecht have in common. If you add Roger Bunister to the list the answer may be easier, for what each member of this diverse group has done is run a mile in less than four minutes.

The Four Minute Mile 1934-1967, a magnificently detailed book compiled by James O. Dunaway, gathers together for the first time all the statistical milestones in the march of track's showcase event. Bunister, Herb Elliott, Peter Snell, Jim Ryan and all the other top milers are in there, too, of course. Compiler Dunaway has listed each sub-four-minute-mile race (there have been 145 of them) in chronological order, and no important date has escaped his list: the date, the locale, the meet, each runner in each race, his finishing time and even his quarter-mile lap times. The only item of information left out seems to be the color of the starter's socks. Even the most casual track fan should get pleasure from flipping through this book's neatly ordered pages, for, along with the vital statistics, there are reminders of many long-forgotten facts: item, New Zealand's Bill Baillie, who competed in the U.S. just this winter, ran last (4:11) in the historic mile-of-the-century race between Bunister and John Landy; item, Ron Clarke, the 29-year-old Australian who has most of the world's long-distance-running records in his pocket, set a world junior-mile record back in January 1956 as an 18-year-old schoolboy, posting a break 4:07.6 behind John Landy's 3:58.6 (Clarke, concentrating on longer races, has improved on that mile time by only six seconds in the succeeding 11 years); item, Peter Snell's first world mile record of 3:54.4 was set on a grass track that was a tight 385 yards to the lap, 55 yards short of the conventional distance.

This kind of information is not always easy to come by, and Dunaway spent a year collecting his data, poring over back issues of track magazines and writing letters to scores of coaches, runners, friends, sports-writers and track statisticians all over the world. Then he proofread his copy four times. "A book like this is valuable in inverse proportion to the number of errors in it," says Dunaway, a copy group head at the Ted Bates advertising agency in New York City, a track nut since his undergraduate days at Penn State (class of '49) and still a frustrated miler himself (his best, 5:48). Another Dunaway is also his own publisher and distributor. You can get his book by sending \$1 to the author at 239 East 79th Street, New York City 10021.

—GUY M. S. BROWN

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You pay over \$10,000 if you want one of the well-known GT cars. On the other hand, you'll pay only \$3970* for the less well-known Volvo 1800S.

To quote Road & Track magazine, here's what you'll get for \$3970, "...a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in

style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or an Aston Martin will be able to pay."

The second headache you get from a GT car is when you go to drive it. You generally can't drive it long between tune-ups. Which means you either turn mechanic or turn your money over to one.

The 1800S requires that you do neither. As Sports Car Graphix magazine wrote, "...Perhaps the foremost bit of education we acquired was learning that the Volvo B-18 engine is one of the most, if not THE most, reliable, rugged and unbreakable car engines being built today."

The third headache you get from a Gran Turismo car is caused by tension. It comes from having all that power under the hood and not being able to use it because of speed limits.

The 1800S solves that too. It won't do 160 mph like the expensive GT cars. Its top speed is 110 mph. So the urge to "see what it'll do" isn't nearly so great.

Of course, we'd be kidding ourselves if we tried to convince you the 1800S has it over the more expensive GT cars in every respect. There are some things a \$10,000 car will give you that an 1800S won't. But \$6,000 worth. ?



SCORECARD

THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE

The other day a binner was unfurled at Yankee Stadium which read MAX BURKE IS THE GREATEST. Now why would anyone do a swell thing like that? Burke doesn't even play for the Yanks. He's their president. We don't know the story behind this poignant banner, but we suspect that the two chaps who held it up were trying to get on TV. In New York you don't go to ball parks to watch ball games anymore. You go to get on TV. And one way is by bringing banners. Ostensibly, these are supposed to exhort the players. But, for the most part, the players couldn't read them if they wanted to. They're held up for the TV cameras and can't be read from the field.

The fact that New York has two terrible ball clubs doesn't entirely explain this... this thing. When a class event like a pro golf tournament hits town it's just the same. For instance, Arnold Palmer has his second shot into the gallery. There he is, about to try a tricky wedge. Is anybody watching him? No, everybody's waving at the camera.

The way we see it, TV's wasting good money paying for baseball and golf rights. Why not rent a stadium, open the gates and televise spectators for three hours? Or hire an assistant pro and let him lat a few buckets of balls while the gallery waves to all the gang down at the Green Shamrock Tap.

Better yet, tape these great shows so those talented performers can wave to themselves on TV. Perhaps that way the fans who want to see a ball game or a little golf can do so in peace.

OUT OF THE RUNNING

In a recent issue of *The Blood-Horse*, a weekly devoted to Thoroughbred racing and breeding, Jimmy Kilroe, vice-president and racing secretary at Santa Anita, has a mournful piece about racing's failure to grow with the times. He says that for years the sport "has been beguiled by statistics which assured us that we had never had it so good." For

instance, a record 40,558,460 people went to the races in 1966 compared to 40,540,199 in 1965. But, Kilroe points out, the average daily attendance was down from 9,110 in 1965 to 9,075 in 1966—and from 11,176 in 1946. Obviously, what's up is the number of racing days. But not, we might add, the quality of the races.

It's Kilroe's theory that attendance is hurting because the sport is too intricate for the general public—that "a day at the races, as engrossing as it might be to the cognoscenti of the sport, is an exercise in utter tedium to the uninformed." He cites a survey called the Stanford Research Report which found that 47% of racegoers felt they knew less than the average about racing, 41% guessed they knew about as much as their fellow bettors while only 12% thought they knew more.

Kilroe argues that in order to prosper racing has to "fill the intelligibility gap for the 80% of our players who have no clear idea of whatever is going on out there—more than half the people interviewed at Garden State Park could not name one famous horse."

This says something, but perhaps not quite what Kilroe intended. In the same issue of *The Blood-Horse* there is a table of racing's 50 leading money-winners. Only two—Backpasser and Native Diver—are still going to the post, and the latter has never won out of California.

While it's true that racing has failed to educate its patrons, there's more to it than that. Sport, like show biz, needs stars, and racing doesn't have them. As soon as a horse makes a name for itself it breaks down and/or is retired for breeding. Why? Because, as we have stated before (SI, June 8, 1964), there is an overemphasis on the quick buck—most big purses are for 2- or 3-year-olds, so these young horses are often over-raced and frequently turn up sore. And if they do stay sound, few owners are willing to accept the heavy imposts and, as a possible

consequence, the losses which depress stud fees.

If racing put its house in order, perhaps it wouldn't have as hard a time filling it.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Our man in San Francisco vouchers for it: as a cable car approached Clay Street one afternoon last week, the gripman called out: "Muhammad Alley."

SECRET WORKOUT

It's coming up summer again, which, as we all know, is the scientific silly season and, right on cue, here are these researchers who've been testing athletes under stress. And who do you think behaves best? If you answer with the obvious, like Joe Namath stepping back into the pocket to throw a bomb, you've got one wrong.

The athletes with a fantastically high threshold for stress, a low level of anxiety, a high level of aggression and a real need to achieve are auto-racing drivers. They are more durable than distance runners and their craving for success exceeds that of football, baseball and basketball players. At least so say Drs. Keith Johnsgard and Bruce Ogilvie, who did the study at San Jose State.

The race driver, often regarded as some kind of nut, "is actually a pretty



sound person," says Dr. Johnsgard, who found drivers bright and creative, if reserved and ill at ease in a crowd.

"We really liked these guys," says Dr. Ogilvie, "but I feel sorry for the girls who marry them. Since they are so independent, they don't lean on anyone for moral support and thus cannot understand why they should give affection

continued

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Minolta

SCORECARD continued

when they don't need it themselves."

There's your secret, Doc. Look at all that practice stress they get at home.

VIVE YVETTE!

If there is any doubt that the preservation of natural resources is no longer solely the concern of bird watchers or hikers gushing over sunsets, consider the fact that Humble Oil ads now ask if you are interested in doing business with a company that spends millions of dollars each year on conservation. If you are, says Humble, "stop in and fill up with High-energy Esso Extra."

Some companies ignore conservation, others pay it lip service, but as far as we can tell, Humble is one of those genuinely disturbed by the spoliation of our resources, and is doing something about it.

For example, in a lovely TV commercial, Humble points out that Avery Island in Louisiana is a noted bird sanctuary but few realize that for the past two decades Humble has produced oil and gas under the bills of all those egrets and ibis, because, as the announcer says, "vooids have been carefully plotted to avoid cutting down the majestic oaks, and the production facilities have been discreetly located and carefully maintained to avoid disturbing the birds and other wildlife."

One of Humble's print ads is devoted to Yvette, a goldfish. According to the copy block, she is a "full-time employee at Humble's Baton Rouge Refinery. Her job is to swim around in the waste water from the refinery before it goes into the Mississippi River, to make sure it won't harm the fish that live in the river."

Actually, it would make more sense if Humble fired Yvette and hired, say, Basil the bass, for goldfish aren't indigenous to the Mississippi and are about the hardest fish to float. But why carp? Two and a half cheers for Humble, and, of course, vive Yvette!

HITTING ON ALL 20

Bill Harrah, who owns Harrah's Club in Reno, is not one to let perfection stand in the way of improvement. Last year his *Tahoe Miss* won the national unlimited hydroplane championship. So this year he's rather lyrically renamed her *The Harrah's Club*. Then there's the turbo-charger on the boat's Allison V-12 engine. Since it had a habit of going on the fritz, it was never used in competition.

richmond

No one else is willing to spend as much money to make his Bourbon as we are. But then no one else makes the Bourbon we do.

Your proof's in the Kentucky Distilling Records that tell what distillers spend making their Bourbons.

We buy the most expensive grains to make Old Fitzgerald. Then we squeeze them just enough to get the first rich mash. And stop. We get less Bourbon, but we get more flavor. Roy Hawes here, our Master Distiller makes sure of that.

Next we let it age. Slowly. We do nothing artificial to hurry things up. Since time is money, that costs us plenty.

Our Bourbon's been made like this 118 years now. We still think it's the only way. Now if our Bourbon's the most expensive to make, isn't it the most expensive to buy?

No. Although for the price of a bottle of Old Fitzgerald you might get two bottles of ordinary Bourbon.

If you wanted ordinary Bourbon.

Old Fitzgerald is the most expensively made Bourbon in Kentucky.

Original Bonded and 8-year old 86.8 proof Prime Straight.



THE HOT LINE'S 'LIVE AT :25

ABC Radio announces a "hot line" to sports you have to hear to believe! Twenty-four new programs every weekend— all action, all hard sports news, all different and produced fresh within the hour you hear it. All part of ABC RADIO'S WORLD OF SPORTS.

Our game plan is simple: Be everywhere the action is! Locker room, front office, a critical putt on the 18th green, the last swing of a no-hitter, you hear them all 'live at 25 minutes after the hour.

Names? The best in sports! The first team includes Executive Producer Howard Cosell supported by a backfield of pros like Chris Schenkel, Tom Harmon, Jim McKay, Bill Flemming, Keith Jackson and on-the-scene sports directors of more than 300 ABC Radio stations across the nation.

Wherever you are on the weekend, clock the action on ABC RADIO'S WORLD OF SPORTS— latest innovation from the network that knows just how the game is played.



Eastern
Daylight
Time

9:25 10:25 11:25 12:25 1:25 2:25 3:25



4:25 5:25 6:25 7:25 8:25 9:25

ABC
RADIO'S
WORLD
OF
SPORTS

**Stop treating
your father like
an old man.**



There's plenty of life in the old boy yet. Even if he's only an armchair athlete, Paris has two sporty belts that will do a lot more than hold up his pants. They'll lift his ego and raise his spirits.

Both belts come in a wide choice of bright, vigorous colors. This Father's Day give your dad a Paris belt. He'll be a happy young man.

1" elegant sport belt: honeycomb elastic back, anaconda snake front, twin construction, red of tan, black, white, brown, navy. \$1.



Paris Belts

PARIS BELTS INC. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



1.5" rugged sport belt with natural buffed cowhide lining, white buckle, stitched Light blue, yellow, rust, cyan, olive, khaki. \$4.

The trouble was that it ran on the Allison's exhaust fumes. This was fine at 160 mph and up, when there was all kinds of exhaust, but when *Tahoe Miss* wallowed around a buoy at 40 mph she wasn't putting out enough exhaust to keep the turbocharger going, which meant it would conk out, which meant *Tahoe Miss* would stall.

So Harry Volpi, Harrah's boat and airplane manager, said why not run the turbocharger with a second engine? O.K., Harry, said Harrah, why not? Volpi got a 225-cu.-in. Buick V-8—the same baby that's in your Wildcat—tuned it up and put it forward of the 1,710-cu.-in. Allison model 113, which, when we were all younger, took the P-38 aloft. Of course, the whole 3,100-lb., four-ton shebang has to be in some sort of synch. If the Buick shoots more air into the Allison than the Allison is ready for—bloody. Likewise, if the Buick doesn't shoot as much air into the Allison as the Allison needs—reverse bloody.

How'd you solve that one, Harry? "Rather not talk about it, if you don't mind," says Harry, "except the driver doesn't have to worry about a thing."

That's a fact. In six days of test runs on Lake Tahoe (which, as we went to press, hadn't yet been renamed Lake Harrah's Club) she ran like, well, a dreamboat, and at higher speeds than are needed for the unlimited season, which opens in Tampa next week.

Moreover, as Volpi says: "Even if it doesn't work, we've still probably got the only 20-cylinder racing boat in the world."

OUTFOXED (CONT.)

A few weeks ago we told you about J. F. Jones, who was calling a turkey near McComb, Miss. when a fox jumped on his back, and how it was Jones's supposition that the fox thought Jones was a turkey. Well, you ain't read nothin' yet.

One rainy morning last month Roger Latham, the outdoors editor of *The Pittsburgh Press*, was turkey hunting near Marlinton, W. Va. when, as he wrote in his column, "I decided to try the caller. . . . My first series of yelps, designed to sound like a love-sick hen, brought an immediate response. Down below me, perhaps 300 yards away, I heard the rolling gobble of a turkey tom. . . . The next gobble was appreciably nearer and I knew he was on his way. As he came

continued

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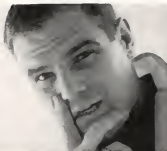
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deodorant under my arms,
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*52" measured diagonally

SCORECARD continued

on, apparently now on the dead run, his rolling response changed to a short gobble of perhaps three or four notes, repeated every few seconds. I kept answering every little bit just to keep him 'on course.' . . .

"Then he suddenly was no more than 50 yards away and I raised the old 12-gauge to my shoulder. Seconds later, I caught a flash of movement, there was another short gobble and around a clump of laurel it came into full view.

"No, it wasn't the big bearded gobbler I expected but a red fox—a wet, bedraggled, smelly red fox."

Added Latham last week: "The gobble was so clear so many times it couldn't have been raindrops on leaves or anything like that. The darn fox had figured out that if he made the right kind of noises he was going to have a turkey dinner. What I didn't say in my column, because some readers always complain, is that I put an end to his turkey-catching activities."

What he didn't say is that Roger Latham isn't a man to be hearing things. Before joining the *Press*, he was research director for the Pennsylvania Game Commission; his doctoral thesis at Penn State was *Factors Affecting Wild Turkey in Pennsylvania*, and he is the author of the *Complete Book of Wild Turkey*.

THEY SAID IT

• Don Richman, general manager of the Seattle Supersonics, replying to a rookie's demand for a no-cut contract: "Listen, my wife was a great prospect, but she didn't get a no-cut contract."

• Joseph Louie, member of the Nooksack Tribal Council, at a hearing on the North Cascades National Park bill: "If this land that we gave the white man is such a problem, why don't you give it back to us Indians?"

• Dave Stockton, winner of the Colonial Invitational: "It's always hard to sleep when you've got a big early lead. You just lay there and smile at the ceiling all night."

• Raymond Johnson, sports editor of *The Nashville Tennessean*, after \$630 was stolen from his Baltimore hotel room on Preakness eve. "They left my selections on the dresser. That's adding insult to injury."

• Joe Azcue, Cleveland catcher: "Baseball takes more skill than soccer. For soccer all you got to have is big feet and be able to run a lot." **END**

Should your tire dealer ask you how fast you drive?

If he doesn't, get another tire dealer.



Namely, a B.F. Goodrich dealer. He'll give you a Tire Calculator. It asks you all the questions that should be answered before you buy a tire. Like how much driving do you do on turnpikes? On rough roads? With heavy loads? And so on.

Why the questions? Because different people make different demands on tires. Turnpike tigers need tougher tires than Sunday drivers. Obviously.

The Calculator knows that. It scores your answers and tells you which BFG tire suits you best—and

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Next time a tire salesman starts talking about SuperPly and Wonder Rubber, don't get rattled. Ask for a Tire Calculator. If he doesn't have one, you know what to do.

The straight-talk
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B.F. Goodrich



*Whatever Happened To
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it's still here. The old, elegant tradition of hostelry is given a new twist at Master Hosts: innovative architecture, unusual locales, spacious rooms, free

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Travel in style this summer.



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Let us send you the particulars.

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Pfish hate Pflueger

The push button reel made fishermen out of people who never would have had a chance otherwise. And now we come along with one that's designed for the pro.

Pity the poor fish.

We call ours the Supreme Push Button reel. It gets its name from the Pflueger Supreme Bait Casting reel. And if you know anything about that Supreme, you know we're not going to toss the Supreme name around lightly.

No. 526 (Compact) Also available No. 525 (Heavy Duty).



No. 526 (Compact) and No. 525 (Heavy Duty) also available.

The Supreme Push Button reel comes in 2 sizes. The big one (No. 525) can handle 20-pound-test monofilament line. The smaller one (No. 526) is no slouch either, because it will handle 10-pound-test line. Both have a dual drag system that lets you shift from high to low pressure and back again instantly. Without line twist.

A lot of fishermen who like to be out there when you can't see your hand in front of your face swear by these two Supremes. The line level winds back onto the spool so it can't dig in—and so you don't wind up with a bird's nest in your lap. Also, in a reel of this quality, you'd

expect the gearing to be high-strength aluminum alloy and brass. It is. And both of them have line wear rings although that's probably the wrong name. Because they don't wear.

No. 521. Also available No. 520 (Compact) and No. 520 (Start Water).

Pflueger Bait Casting reels are in the same class. But we don't have enough room here to tell you about them, and our new matched Supreme tubular fiber glass rods and matching lines. If you can't wait for our next ad, see a sporting goods dealer, or send for our new 36-page catalog.



Supreme Spinning Casting reels are in the same class. But we don't have enough room here to tell you about them, and our new matched Supreme tubular fiber glass rods and matching lines. If you can't wait for our next ad, see a sporting goods dealer, or send for our new 36-page catalog.

And then start promising your friends some fish.

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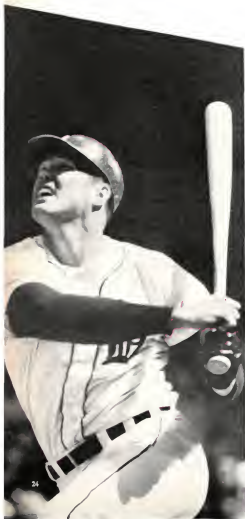
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THOSE BIG TIGER

Powerful Tigers are (from left) big Bill Freehan, muscular Willie Horton, grand-slemmer Jim Northrup and Dick McAuliffe, whose high-arching style is reminiscent of Mel Ott.



MUSCLES

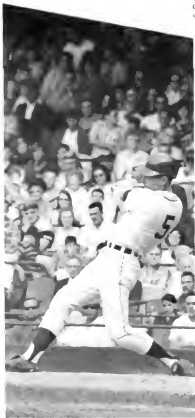
Al Kaline and his Detroit teammates are swinging away at American League pitching to prove they are the contenders they were expected to be **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The score was tied 5-5 in the bottom of the sixth inning of a wild baseball game at Detroit's Tiger Stadium last Friday night. Not once during the evening had the Tigers been able to get ahead of the Washington Senators, but now Dick McAuliffe stood at third base carrying the go-ahead run, and thrifty growls and loving whistles came up from the knowing crowd as Al Kaline (see cover) walked from the on-deck circle, rubbed his hands together and slowly smoothed out the batter's box with his spikes. This year

vital hits have been coming off Kaline's bat almost as fast as automobiles are being returned for checkup and, sure enough, with a count of one ball and two strikes against him, Kaline lashed a single through the middle to score McAuliffe, and the Tigers went on to win again.

As the pennant races passed Memorial Day the Tigers were fighting the White Sox for the American League lead, and despite the foul weather this spring, their home attendance had soared 100,000 above what it was at a similar point in 1966, a year in which Detroit had finished a forlorn third, 10 games removed from the World Champion Baltimore Orioles. From Belle Isle Park to the bars of Hamtramck the word has gone out that this is the year of the Tiger, and that

Continued



for the first time in 22 frustrating seasons a pennant is going to fly above that charming, old, all-green ball park out at Michigan and Trumhull. College students are standing in front of Tiger Stadium selling bumper stickers which read TAG 'EM TIGERS, and the voice of announcer Ernie Harwell is being listened to with more interest than the Motown Sound of The Supremes or Martha and the Vandellas. Kaline was leading the league in hitting and in runs batted in, and he was—last week, anyway—tied with Frank Robinson of the Orioles in homers. But though he is the unquestioned star of the team, there are other elements to the Tigers this year.

There is, for example, marvelous and muscular Willie Horton, a 24-year-old slugger with a body that Fisher could never build. Recently, during one seven-game period, Willie hit seven tremendous home runs. When he trots to his position in left field the fans stand and cheer, because Willie was not only brought up in Detroit, he is the first Negro star the team has ever had. There is McAuliffe, a shortstop last year, a second baseman this season, whose strange, foot-lifting batting style seems to be one part Helen Keller and one part Mel Ott. There is Bill Freehan, the big catcher, who is hitting back to his form of 1964 when he batted .300. There is Jim Northrup, known at 27 as "The Grey Fox" because of his hair; last Thursday Northrup produced his second grand-slam homer of the season—the first went to right field and the one last week went to left. And Don Wert and Norm Cash—who between them had 43 homers and 163 runs batted in last year—have not really started to hit this season the way they can. Cash, a humorist who knows that his bat will get hot when the weather does, says cheerfully, "If they have to bat six or seventh, we just might win this pennant by 20 games."

The Tigers' hitting power was expected. Pitching was the question. The expensive moves that General Manager Jim Campbell made during the winter when he hired Mayo Smith to manage and John Sam, Wally Moses, Hal Naragon and Tony Cuccinello to coach seem to be paying off handsomely. Through April and May the Tigers used only four pitchers in the starting rotation, and two of the big question marks of the spring, left-hander Mickey Lolich and right-hander Joe Sparta, have been solid and

dependable, with a combined won-and-lost record of 9-3. Of the nine games that Sparta started, the Tigers won eight. Earl Wilson and Dennis McLain, the organ player who tends to give up home runs in bunches, appear to be coming around, too.

But the new pitching love of Tiger fans is the big reliever, Fred Gladding, known as "The Bear." When the situation gets tight and Gladding begins to warm up, the customers start to chant, "Wewant The Bear! Wewant The Bear!" and in comes Gladding, all 225 pounds of him. Gladding loves playing The Bear. He stomps around on the mound like a grizzly, and he mauls opposition hitters. Through May 27 he had pitched 16½ innings for Detroit, had won one game, saved six others and had yet to give up a run. As the season goes on, Gladding and the rest of the Tiger bullpen may tell the story for Detroit.

So far, Mayo Smith is pleased with the all-round performance of the Tigers, and his major experiment of moving McAuliffe to second base and putting Ray Oyler at shortstop has worked well. Smith sits on a high seat in the dugout and claps his hands constantly. He has made some daring tactical moves as manager, and one dehumiliating physical one. A week or so ago he raced out to left field to assist Willie Horton, who had crashed into the outfield fence and fallen in a heap. On the way Smith pulled a muscle in his leg, and since then he has walked like Chester on Gammon. But Smith will not worry about his leg holding up, just as long as Horton does, and Gladding does, and his starters do. And he may not even have to worry about all that if Kaline continues to play ball the rest of the season the way he has through April and May.

Ever since coming to the Tigers as a scrawny-looking 18-year-old back in 1953, Kaline has been the darling of baseball connoisseurs. For 12 straight seasons he has won a place on the American League All-Star team (and his batting average in those All-Star Games has been an impressive .324). In the American League today, there are only two active players with five years or more of experience in the league whose lifetime batting averages are over .300. Mickey Mantle is one, at .306; Kaline, at .304, is the other.

Kaline is that rarity in professional sports nowadays—the athlete who is as

exciting to watch on defense as he is on offense. His batting style, with the hips and shoulders parallel to the ground and the arms and wrists coming through smoothly and snapping at exactly the right instant, is classic. The finest description of how Kaline appears to a pitcher was given a couple of years back by John Wyatt, a slippery relief pitcher now with the Red Sox. "Man," said Wyatt, "The Line" is the best hitter anywhere. You got to do some scufflin' with that guy. He just grin at me all the time like he know he gonna hang me out to dry. The Line, he just stay in there and swoosh! You leavin' the game with an L."

In the outfield, Kaline's ability to judge and get fly balls and the strength and accuracy of his throwing arm are extraordinary. He is so much at home in the environment of right field that he has mastered the delicate skill needed to dupe opposing players into either holding up on the bases when they should be running or running when they should be holding up. Last week, for instance, in a game against the Red Sox, a line-drive single was hit toward Kaline in right field when a Boston runner was leading off first base. Kaline jogged in casually as though he had a routine catch, and the runner, fearing he might be doubled off first base, took only a few steps and waited, watching the outfielder. The ball hit safely, and Kaline, moving quickly then, gloved it, threw to second and caught the base runner, thus turning a hard-hit single into nothing more than a forecure.

At times in recent years Kaline has been asked to play center field, and he has done it without argument, even though he does not like the position. There were rumors this spring that Kaline would move to center again, but these were quickly stopped by Mayo Smith, who said he would keep Kaline in right. Smith added, "He made his reputation as one of the best right-fielders ever."

Kaline agrees that right field is his position, and the way he says it shows the pride in the reputation he has won. "If I were asked to play center, I'd play it, but I don't enjoy center field. I do enjoy playing right field. Everything seems to come so easy there. I know, too, that there are a lot of people playing center field in the league who are a lot better there than I am." He does not say that

there are any who can play right as well.

Born and raised in south Baltimore, Kaline is still remembered there as one of the finest basketball players ever developed in the area. Probably only Gene Shue, now an 11-year veteran with the Bulls of the National Basketball Association, was better. Kaline's mother and father sacrificed everything to give him the chance to become the first member of the family ever to get through high school, and the chance, too, to play baseball. His father worked in a broom factory, and his mother scrubbed floors. Al's three uncles and his father, all of whom were catchers, were convinced that Kaline could become an outstanding pitcher. He didn't lack for opportunities to demonstrate his skill. On weekends he would play three games a day, changing uniforms in the back seat of an automobile as he moved from one game to another. Later, his mother would see him, galloping the bases on the empty sandlot down the street, sliding across the plate again and again with imaginary runs, beating throws from the greatest arms a boy's dreams could build. Today, at 32, he is still considered one of the finest sliders in the game. If a play is close, Kaline's toe or arm or elbow or nose will somehow get to the base before the tag can be made.

His variety of skills, including hitting,

moved him beyond pitching, and as he finished high school the Tigers gave him a \$15,000 bonus to sign and guaranteed him \$15,000 in salary over his first two seasons. The bonus rule then in effect in the major leagues said that any player receiving more than \$4,000 to sign had to stay with the parent team for two full seasons. Detroit hoped that after those two years were up, two more seasons in the minors would have him ready to play big-league ball. But Kaline never went to the minors. He moved into the Tiger lineup almost immediately, and two years later, at 20, he hit .340 to become the youngest player ever to win a major league batting championship. That year, 1955, in the first game of the season he went four for five, batted in six runs and became the first man in 19 years to hit two home runs in one inning (the last to do it had been Joe DiMaggio, in his rookie season). But in the three subsequent years Kaline got off to bad starts and in one, 1958, he was benched when his average dropped to .217. In 1959 he started fast again and was hitting .359 when an infielder's throw broke his jaw. Detroit finished a disappointing fourth or fifth in most of these early Kaline seasons, but in 1961, with help from Norm Cash, Steve Boros and Rocky Colavito, Kaline got the Tigers into high gear. They seriously challenged

the Yankees for the pennant—they won 101 games that year, only the third time in league history that a team went over 100 victories without winning the pennant—but they lost a critical series in New York and then five more games in a row to fall from 2½ games out of first to eight games out in one week. During that bleak period Kaline hit .451.

In 1962 the Tigers were picked by many to win, and Kaline did his part. Late in May he was batting .345 and had 38 runs batted in when the Tigers went to New York to play the Yankees. With Detroit leading 2-1 in the last of the ninth, Kaline made a spectacular falling catch in right field to save the victory, but he broke his shoulder doing it. "I was sitting on the bench hoping Al would catch it," Jim Bunning, then with Detroit, said later. "I spent the rest of the season wishing he hadn't." Hank Aguirre of the Tigers, a close friend of Kaline's, says, "That was the day we won the battle and lost the war." Kaline appeared in only 100 games that year, and Detroit ultimately finished fourth.

Now, in his 15th major league season, Kaline is again the leader. When he won that batting championship in 1955 he was immediately compared to Ty Cobb, whose face is chiseled in bronze on the front of Tiger Stadium with the inscription, GREATEST TIGER OF ALL—A GENIUS IN SPIES. If he is not considered another Cobb, perhaps he will be recognized as another Hank Greenberg, who has no bronze plaque but whose 306 lifetime home runs are a Detroit record. If Kaline hits 28 homers this year, he will pass Greenberg, and he may pass him on the way to the World Series.

The comparisons with Mantle come to mind again. Whereas Mickey has played in 65 World Series games in his career, Kaline has never been in one. Last week he sat on the bench at Tiger Stadium with his feet propped up against a pole and looked out at the field. "I have never seen a World Series game," he said. "I promised myself a long time ago that the first World Series I ever saw would be one I played in. The team has gotten off to a good start, and I think it's the best start I've ever had myself. I get a little tired once in a while swinging the bat late in the second game of a doubleheader, but I still feel comfortable in the outfield. I really feel good. I think I might get to see a World Series game this year."

END



Normally Kaline and Manager Smith avoid shenanigans, but here they loudly dispute umpire's call



A BLOW FOR ESTHETICS

On the grounds that putting styles like those of Snead, Duden and Refram (above) offend tradition and the eye, golf's rulemakers have outlawed bizarre methods that have become popular among the shaky-handed **by PAT RYAN**

Never in the 70 years that the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews and the United States Golf Association have been the guardians of golf's traditions and the arbiters of the sport's rules, equipment, ethics and etiquette have the two organizations made quite so bold a stroke as they did last week. Backing up their decision with words like "appalled" and "travesty of the game" and "aberrations," the USGA and the R&A outlawed the increasingly popular croquet style of putting, and all kinds of unusual putters as well. To millions of hands that quake over four-footers, this blow for esthetics felt like a karate chop.

The ruling, which takes effect in January 1968, was a venture into new territory, for always in the past the USGA's and the R&A's concern for good form

has been a concern for good manners, not for the technical execution of the swing. Now, for the first time in golfing history, the game's ruling bodies were telling a man how he had to hit the ball. The essence of the rule is that not only does a golfer have to try to sink a putt, he has to look good doing it.

"We made the decision with great reluctance," says USGA Executive Director Joseph C. Dey, "but we felt it was the only way to eliminate the unconventional styles that have developed in putting. The game of golf was becoming bizarre. It was some other game, part croquet, part shuffleboard and part the posture of Mohammedan prayer."

Variations of the croquet style are used by Sam Snead—the most notorious of the Mohammedans—Touring Pros Bob Duden and Dean Refram, USGA

President Ward Foshay, two former captains of St. Andrews and countless amateurs who have taken to it, instead of drink, to cure their putting wobbles. Snead, who shot a 64 on his 55th birthday last weekend while using his stooping croquet technique, says, "I putt better this cockeyed way. Not too many people can bend over quite as well as I can, but I think it is good for old golfers. They don't have to coordinate two hands, only one."

Dean Refram began putting the croquet way when a doctor told him his eyes did not focus along the same line. Standing astride the ball, he found he could sight his putts better.

But Joe Dey contends that the success of the technique in steadying nerves or curing optical ills does not justify its use. "Should you make allowances in a sport

for physical peculiarities or infirmities?" he asks rhetorically. "I think not. The way golf clubs were originally made, with the shaft attached to the head, indicates that the game was always meant to be played from one side or the other."

There is nothing new about facing the problem of putting head on. A player showed up at the first U.S. Amateur Championship in Newport, R.I. in 1895 with a billiard cue which he used for a putter. Soon thereafter the USGA scratched that idea, ruling that the cue did not conform to golf equipment standards. In 1904, however, the British made the mistake of allowing three-time U.S. Amateur Champion Walter J. Travis to use an unorthodox center-shafted putter in their Amateur tournament. Travis won the tournament. The British had hardly handed Travis his trophy before they banned his club and all similar travesties. But the USGA, perhaps influenced by the fact that an American had finally been able to win a British championship, began allowing some deviations from the traditional design of putters. Finally in 1951 the Royal and Ancient and the USGA met to standardize the Rules of Golf, and the British agreed to allow the use of USGA-approved putters.

Today there are innumerable different types of putters registered with the patent office in Washington, and hundreds of them have USGA approval. But many certified models, including the croquet-style putter, will now be outlawed. Among the stipulations announced last week by the USGA and the R&A, for example, is one that requires club shafts "to be substantially straight and plain in form and generally circular in cross-section." In those cases "where the shaft of a putter is attached to the head at a point other than the heel" a certain angle will be specified.

These radical adjustments in the specifications of putters will have immediate consequences for golf-club manufacturers who find their putters no longer conform to USGA standards. They are not going to please club pros and retail stores who have large stocks of weirdly shaped clubs.

The USGA says its new rule is justified for "the good of the game." Joe Dey has said, in effect, that in the past

the USGA approved too many kinds of putters. "Manufacturers are always on the make for money," he says. "They come up with gadgets and gimmicks. The aberrations have grown. Once you start down the primrose path you are in trouble. I feel we were too far down the path."

The deputy secretary of the Royal and Ancient, Neil Loudon, puts it even more strongly: "The danger signal was evident after American professionals began using croquet putters and that style of putting. When it first started, only a few elderly crackpots who had got the jitters used the method. It is absurd. You might as well lie on the green and use the end of the putter like a billiard cue to pot the ball. These are things we can do without. I have seen shafts with the most extraordinary kinks in them. The bottom of one looked more like a trombone than a golf club."

But the other aspect of the new ruling—how you have to hit the ball—is causing more controversy. It says, in effect, that you cannot stand on or astride the line of the putt or any extension of that line. (One immediate hazard arises with the tap-in putt, which will always have to be stroked from a normal position to avoid a two-stroke penalty.) The rule has already been widely criticized by the pros. "I don't think golf is the USGA's personal baby," says Snead. "I think they changed the rule because they didn't like the looks of me putting at the Masters. Some people got talking. They'd say, 'My God, look at old Sam. He's playing croquet.' I think it's my business how I stroke the ball. It hasn't been proved that the croquet way is not the best way to putt. I think if I practiced it diligently I'd be a better putter than I ever was before." Bob Shave Jr., who plays with a croquet type of putter that he calls "The Last Straw," said at the Oklahoma City Open last week that he may have to leave the tour when the new putting rule goes into effect. His wrists, he said, begin to jump spasmodically when he uses a conventional putter.

Gary Player, who has had enough putting troubles to make him try just about everything but the croquet style, says, "I don't believe you should put a man down to hitting the ball one way."

Jack Nicklaus agrees. When he heard about the new rule he said, "This is ridiculous. Why don't they just let us tee up the ball and play it?"

No British professional uses the croquet method at present, but the 1964 British PGA champion, Tony Grubb, tried it for a few weeks last summer. He took it up, he said, "in desperation when my putting became so bad that I considered quitting the game. It helped so much I finished eighth in one tournament and second in the next. It is definitely better from six feet or closer. The club is upright, and this makes the stroke mechanically sounder. But it is not so good from a distance. You tend to leave yourself more putts of around four feet. I found using the croquet putter rested my mind. I abandoned it at the British Open, but it has been comforting to think I could return to it in an emergency."

There is little likelihood of a pro rebellion over the issue, and the PGA is expected to enforce the rule on the tour, even if the Royal and Ancient and the USGA, both amateur bodies, seem to be almost literally calling the professionals' shots.

In fact, it is the amateurs who will suffer most. A noteworthy one who is doing his suffering silently is USGA President Ward Foshay, who began using the croquet style some time ago. He is now reading Henry Cotton in his search for a new way to putt.

But Prescott Bush, a former USGA president who has putted from an astride position for years, has remained a vociferous advocate of the method. "It simply makes golf enjoyable and takes away the suffering," he says. "I mean the real suffering that comes from that lack of confidence, that panic on the backstroke, that thirst called the yip. I believe it is good for the game of golf to have more people enjoy it. We should encourage any grip or stance that will add to the pleasure of the play."

One thing that the USGA and the Royal and Ancient, concerned as they are with the esthetics of golf, certainly are learning this week is that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and nothing is more beautiful to a golfer than the putt that drops. **END**

PLAYING IT THE JAPANESE WAY

Harlan Cohen's idea of fun and games is volleyball played like a banzai charge. That, he reasons, is how the Japanese have become the world's best, and that is what he is teaching our girls' team **by GARY RONBERG**

Do you see? Do you see? He's tired now. I've worn him out." Maybe, But Ann Heck looked like the tired one. She stood with her back to the wall of a musty gymnasium in suburban Los Angeles last week. There were pads on her knees and elbows, her face was flushed red and her blonde hair tousled. Twenty feet away stood her coach, Harlan Cohen, hounding volleyballers off her head, arms and shoulders. Ann was supposed to be deflecting the ball back to Cohen's hands, but after three minutes of steady hattering she went off the floor, laughing, to restore some of the natural white to her pink, stinging forearms.

Over on the bench Jane Ward, the captain of the United States Women's Volleyball Team, massaged a strained muscle in her left thigh as Alice Englert, the team's manager, trainer and travel agent, rummaged through a kit that did not contain any Pacquian hand cream or Revlon Blush-On. At last she found the Cramer's Atomic Balm and smeared it on Jane's leg, causing the leg to turn a bright orange, then red. "That'll put heat in the muscle," Alice said. "You'll play tomorrow."

If this seemed like odd behavior for pretty young misses, most of them from southern California, it was. They were getting ready to meet the Yashica Company club, national volleyball champion of Japan, in a two-match exhibition beginning the next night but, unlike any American girls' team before them, they had adopted the Japanese method of play—which, if you haven't heard, is less like play than it is like suicide. What's more, the Americans expected to win a game or two, and that was the same as saying Floyd Patterson would one day take a round from Sonny Liston.

It would be pleasant to report that the dedicated Americans succeeded where

many others before them failed. But they did not. They lost 15-8, 15-5, 15-4, 15-9, 15-4, 15-4. Still, the fact that they scored nine points in one of the games is cause enough for celebration. (At the last Olympics the Japanese girls beat the U.S. girls 15-1, 15-5, 15-2.) His girls' moral triumph had an almost dizzying effect on Cohen. "I believe," he said, "that a month from now we could beat them with ease."

For pure enthusiasm, there is almost nobody like Harlan Cohen. He is 32 years old, a bachelor and a substitute teacher in Los Angeles who refuses to teach full time because that would interfere with volleyball. The thought that the Americans might one day beat the Japanese struck him at Tokyo in 1964, even as the team driven by that fanatical coach, Hirobumi Daimatsu (SI, March 16, 1964), was destroying the Olympic competition.

Cohen marveled at the precision and determination of the Japanese women, who often had been forced to practice past midnight by Daimatsu after they had worked a full eight-hour day in a factory. He sent an interpreter to the library to translate key chapters from Daimatsu's book, *Follow Me!*, which was filled with such things as "Make the impossible possible . . . When I considered their play insufficient I made them try over and over again however late it might be . . . The severity of my training often made hystanders shut their eyes . . . It was not only once that we practiced till the eastern sky became bright. . . ."

Cohen returned to the U.S. convinced that the Japanese philosophy and drills, tailored to American culture, were all that our bigger, healthier and more gifted athletes needed to compete on an international level in volleyball. When the U.S. Olympic Committee appointed

him coach of the women's team for the Pan American Games, he got his chance to institute an intensive volleyball program. Fortunately for him, he had a ready-made audience for his ideas in the American girls, who were just as impressed with the Japanese. "That made things a lot easier," Cohen said.

Cohen fired off letters to the girls long before they were to report for practice in Los Angeles last October for the World Games, which were held at Tokyo in January. The letters prescribed a hectic regimen of running and leaping and toe-twisting, contained homilies about the rigors of conditioning and usually ended with "good luck."

In camp Cohen sent the girls through drills that isolated the basic skills of volleyball—setting, blocking, spiking and serving—three or four hours a day, four or five days a week. He taught them the Japanese roll—how to fall without injury—and, as he says, "how to sweat." The girls thrived on the program and by December they had become so proficient that the only competition to be found for them was with men's teams.

The girls did not win the championship at the World Games, but they did win their confidence there. They beat a Japanese high school team seven times in a row, did well against two powerful club teams (which comprise the backbone of Japanese volleyball) and in the championships themselves they won the silver medal, behind Japan, to whom they lost 15-12, 15-0 and 15-8. "The Japanese," said Cohen, "had boasted that no team in the tournament would score five points on them. Our girls did it twice and forced them into errors I'd never seen a Japanese team make before."

Cohen enjoys working with women because he finds them more receptive



Displaying their new-style hustle, Niija Jorgensen dives a set by Jane Ward past two Japanese defenders (above) and Sharon Peterson makes a gallant attempt to save a spiked ball.



to new ideas and techniques than the men. "Men," he says, "are still skeptical of the Japanese roll—the best way that has been found to save a spiked ball. Men would rather save the ball the American way, and stay off the floor." The women, says Cohen, go after everything, hardly a ball hits the floor without one of the girls at least touching it. "Maybe they don't save it," he says, "but they touch it. Next they'll be saving it."

Cohen tosses around phrases like "pain tolerance" in practice and, despite the improvement his approach has brought to U.S. volleyball, there has been opposition to the way he has driven the girls. Little of the criticism, however, has come from the girls themselves. On the contrary, they actually appear to enjoy diving onto the floor and dashing off after loose balls. Many of them are teachers and students with logical excuses to miss practice, but attendance is high at all the workouts, regardless of where they are held. Shar Buhlig, who is 34 and married, travels as much as three hours round trip. Elsie Harbour, who is still trying to make the team, leaves two children at home with an understanding husband.

Linda Murphy, 6'3", could not run a city block before Cohen came along; now she runs a mile. She was easily the outstanding player in the world tournament, and after it was over the Japanese coach told Cohen that Linda just might become the best woman volleyball player in the world. Jane Ward has been playing the game for 15 years, but Cohen streamlined her style. Sharon Peterson, a pretty, 24-year-old blonde, has the instinct to sense what is going to happen next, much like a linebacker in football, and she has developed into the team's finest defender. "Ah, Sharon!" gushes Cohen. "And she is still so young, too."

The whole team is young. The 18-girl squad averages only 23 years and many of its best players are also the youngest. "And we're getting more and more good ones all the time," says Cohen. "But the thing that makes me happiest is that now our girls are diving for balls they don't have a chance of reaching. When I see them do that, I know we're on the right track."

ENZO

Imagine a bowl game between the Greenwich Village Hippies and the Green Bay Packers. Silly? No sillier than Chelsea challenging Tottenham for the English Cup

by HUGH McILVANNEY

A KNEES-UP FOR THE HOT SPURS

Until a few years ago the Chelsea Football Club was more of an institution in the English music hall than in English soccer. The team had endured half a century of belly laughs, not all of them undeserved. As the self-appointed representatives of the Thames-side borough that was London's closest equivalent to Greenwich Village, Chelsea achieved an appropriate eccentricity, embracing failure almost as a way of life. Even to the English, who have a perverse affection for losers, Chelsea was a joke. The masochists who followed the team accepted more ribbing than New York Met fans.

Between the wars, Cartoonist Tom Webster adopted Chelsea as one of his regular victims along with a racehorse called Tishy, which had a habit of crossing its legs at moments when it should



FUBILANT JIM ROBERTSON (right) waves to fans after driving Spurs' first score past Chelsea goalie Peter Bonetti. Following day, huge crowds line the street (opposite) as Spurs ride top of bus to Tottenham Town Hall for a civic reception

have been extending them. Chelsea, too, was inclined to stumble with comic frequency, especially when reaching for the most exciting prize in Britain's national sport: the Football Association Cup. The Cup is a knockout competition in which more than 400 teams are whistled down round by round over five months, leaving the two finalists to fight it out before a crowd of 100,000 on a Saturday afternoon in May.

Chelsea's form in the Cup was so bizarre that in 1933 a vaudeville performer called Norman Long recorded a song about dreaming of *The Day That Chelsea Went and Won the Cup*.

"Of course is a result of an astounding thing like this.

A host of other strange events occurred
All folks and things were opposite to
what they really are

And the happenings were really quite absurd.

On the day that Chelsea went and won the final.

The universe went simply off the reel.

Great Sir Harry Lauder used a five-bob postal order

To stop his shoe from rubbing on his heel

The sun came out in Manchester and funny things like that.

Jack Jones M.P. played golf and wore a kilt and Winston's hut,

And a pigeon hatched a guinea pig and blamed it on the cat,

On the day that Chelsea went and won the Cup."

But Chelsea's chance had to come, and two weeks ago it did. The team was in the final of the Cup at last, after a gap of 52 years, and the comedians were in danger of having to eat their words.

Chelsea's only previous appearance had been as losers to Sheffield United during World War I, and it was being widely suggested that World War III would be fought before the club earned a place in the play again. But now Chelsea had made it, eliminating four Yorkshire clubs—Huddersfield, Sheffield Wednesday, Sheffield United and Leeds—on the way. The ultimate challenge was to come from nearer home, however, for this final was the first to involve two professional clubs from London.

As the team prepared to make history, Chelsea might have wished for less formidable opposition. Tottenham Hotspur, from North London, has been one of the great powers of English football in recent years. The Spurs completed the Cup and first-division championship double in 1961, took the Cup again in

continues



1962 and in the following year won the European Cup for cup winners, one of Europe's supreme honors. Only two of the players responsible for those triumphs remained. Dave MacKay, their Scottish captain, who has twice broken his left leg but is still one of the most combative halfbacks in the game, and Jimmy Greaves, the deadliest goal-scorer in Britain. But Bill Nicholson, the tense, unheated Yorkshireman who manages the Spurs, had spent nearly half a million pounds on transfer fees to reinforce the team. The Spurs entered the final after a run of 23 matches without defeat, and in the puls of Tottenham no one would hear of failure.

Tottenham is basically a rather raw, working-class area on the edge of the industrial wasteland that stretches out northeast of London. There is a canal with wharves for depositing timber, factories making furniture and electrical components. The local dance halls have their share of fights on weekends and there is the occasional serious assault, but it is not one of the toughest parts of London. There is a substantial colored population now, but the district once known as Little Russia (where people were said to be so poor that they had to

paint curtains on the windows) has been engulfed by a redevelopment scheme. It is an area of large, close-knit families, and when Spurs supporters have a victory to celebrate they do it by boozing prodigiously in the corner pub, then lugging crates of bottled beer home for the kind of raucous, come-one-come-all party that Londoners call a "knees-up." Windows and doors are thrown open so that one massive shindig can flow unchecked through an entire street.

Tottenham Hotspur's support is huge and obviously not all of it is drawn from the rough-and-ready quarters around their ground or the large pockets of allegiance in the East End, nearer the center of the city. They have thousands of followers among the prosperous Jewish community in Stamford Hill, and in recent years the refined artistry of their play has induced addiction in some notable intellectuals. Professor A.J. Ayer, the philosopher, and the musicologist Hans Keller have both written at length of the esthetic pleasures to be found in watching the Spurs.

Keeping company with such people does not prevent the average Tottenham supporter from commenting scathingly on the arty element in Chelsea's follow-

ing. "You'll see some weirdies there tomorrow," one of them said darkly at a bar counter in Hoxton the night before the final. "Beards and the lot. Not correct beards. Weird beards." As it happens, this is largely a case of making the facts fit the legend. Chelsea's hohemian community diminished and dispersed long ago. As a borough it has been merged with Kensington, a further blurring of identity. But it still has its distinctions. The King's Road, its main thoroughfare, boasts the most spectacular parade of miniskirts in the world. There are still some interesting pubs frequented by actors, writers and a few painters, and one or two show-biz characters are regularly to be seen in the reserved seats at Chelsea's ground. But the predominant features of the area are its elegant and expensive town houses, and it is no shock to learn that at election times, this is a Tory stronghold.

The point is, of course, that the bulk of the football club's support does not come from Chelsea at all. In fact, the stadium, Stamford Bridge, is in the adjoining district of Fulham. Many of the fans who were scrambling to buy tickets as May 20 approached came from there and from the mean streets around that part of Chelsea itself known evocatively as "The World's End." Others belonged to the quixotic army of Londoners who, without any geographical excuse, back the Chelsea F.C. because they believe every underdog should have its day.

Even these resigned spirits began to entertain real hopes as the final drew near. Their growing faith in the possibility of deliverance from martyrdom had little to do with the 11 players who were to represent Chelsea at Wembley Stadium. It stemmed directly from Tommy Docherty, a rugged, compulsively controversial Scot who had been laboring with obsessive zeal since 1961 to force everyone in football to take Chelsea seriously. Docherty is known as the Doc, but his manner is ringside rather than bedside. As a Scotland wing-half in his playing days, he was renowned for tackling opponents with the delinquency of a charging rhino. Even now, at nearly 40, in Sunday "friendlies" and charity games he can be intimidatingly physical, and he has been known to kick the ball with violent accuracy at a referee who gave a decision against him. "I only know one way to play this bloody game," he mutters, indicating that he has no intention

continued

IN TRADITIONAL CEREMONY VICTORIOUS SPURS PARADE THE CUP AROUND WEMBLEY

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landing, still drove away quietly (NOTE: Our Ski Jump Ford was a showroom model with nothing added but a skiplate to protect the oil pan.)



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of being nice enough to come second. When he was asked on a national TV show before the final if he could ever conceive of cheating, he replied: "Yes, and I have done—often."

The motto that Balzac had inscribed on his cane, "I smash every obstacle," can be read in Docherty's features. The face is broad and pugnacious, the thinning, fair hair cropped close to the skull. Of course, some of the obstacles have not been so easily smashed. He has been in acrimonious disputes at one time or another with practically all his players, his club's directors, just about everyone with whom he has been involved. Two years ago he sent seven of the first team home from a hotel in Blackpool and substituted reserves after a scene that concerned girls and a fire escape.

Once Docherty had put Chelsea through to the final, after taking them to the semis in the two previous years, his most urgent problem was dealing with his mother's demands for tickets to accommodate the countless friends and relatives from Glasgow. "She seems to think I carry a wee machine in my pocket for printing them," he said in despair. Judging by the number of tickets circulating on the black market, it appeared that someone did have a machine. In fact, what the unofficial sellers (ticket touts) have is access to those footballers who use their allocations of final tickets to earn an annual bonus. The 70 shilling seats were rumored to be bringing up to £50 and £60, but One-armed Lou, a Tottenham supporter who also happens to be one of the best-known touts, dismissed the theory that the first all-London final was a homanza. "It's a better bet for us to 'ave supporters travelin' dahn from the Norf. Once them geezers get to London they're prisoners. They're never goin' back two or free 'undred miles wi'ahit seem' the action. They'll buy anything. But if this local mob reckon the prices are too steep they just get on the tube and dive back to watch it on telly."

When the match was under way at last it was soon clear that the touts were not alone in mourning the absence of the wild men from the north of England. When fans come down from Manchester or Liverpool, Leeds or Newcastle, their drinking day tends to begin at Covent Garden, where there are special licensing laws to suit the workers in the fruit-and-vegetable market. Men wearing grotesque striped hats and rosettes that

cover half their chests are to be found trying to convince barmen that they are porters on duty in the market. By the time they reach Wembley the thousands of invaders are behaving like a good-natured army of occupation, singing their partisan songs and spilling beery bonhomie over the terraces.

The final crowds could not shed their metropolitan self-consciousness. Their enthusiasm was depressingly muted. They might have been stirred if the game had proved exceptional, above all if Chelsea's players had grabbed determinedly at the new destiny that was offered to them. Sadly, nothing of the kind happened. Young John Boyle, Chelsea's utility player, had woken up miserably that morning after dreaming that Tottenham had won 2-1. He went to bed even more miserable after having his dream made reality.

It was not so much a contest as an academic demonstration of Tottenham's superiority. The Spurs' defense, inspired by the vigorous mobility and confident skulls of Mullery and Kinnear, coped readily with Chelsea's early attacks while Chelsea's own defense was rapidly undermined by Gilzean's precise flicks with his head at center forward and Robertson's predatory wandering on the wings. Robertson scored with an explosive first-time shot just before the interval and the Spurs totally dominated the second half, scoring again through Saul in the 68th minute. All of the tireless excellence of Hollins in mid-field, the brisk efficiency of Ron Harris, the youngest captain ever to play in a final, and the virtuoso ball control of Cooke could not save Chelsea. A cross ball from the left wing by Boyle bounced in rather luckily off Tambling's head to give Chelsea a goal four minutes from the end, but the gesture was too little and too late.

So they had a gargantuan "knees-up" in Tottenham. By Sunday the locals had ceased to be blasé about success, and 150,000 of them jammed the streets, wearing all sorts of symbolic dress, including blue-and-white-striped pyjamas, as the team made a triumphal tour.

Chelsea's disappointment was embittered by more squabbling. The £12,000 share-out that would have gone to the players in victory dwindled to £50 a man in defeat, and they left for their tour of the U.S. in a mood of open rebellion. Chelsea was no longer a joke but was in some danger of becoming a bore. **END**



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ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES LIPSCOMB

The agony of tennis elbow can force a player out of his favorite doubles game for a month, a year or forever. There are many recommended cures, some medical, some medieval, and a few that actually have been known to work

by JAMES LIPSCOMB

GETTING THE ELBOW IS A PAIN

There are certain advantages to growing old. You make more money than you did 10 years ago even if you haven't saved any. The kids are paid for, you own a color television set and everyone tells you that you look better with more weight and less hair. Most important, your tennis game has never been sharper, because you have learned to use your head. You can run a younger man into the court—after all, he has nothing but strength and stamina. You have experience.

Then, just as you feel you have your game and your life under control—disaster. You reach for a backhand and a bolt of pain paralyzes your arm. You have always dismissed the phrase "tennis elbow" as an old man's affliction, but suddenly you know you have it, and just as suddenly you feel very old.

Tennis elbow is an extremely painful ailment and deserves far more attention than medical authorities have given it. To those afflicted with it, one of its most frightening aspects is the contradictory advice they receive from their friends and even from doctors. A report on my personal case history is not inappropriate.

Time. Sunday noon for weekly doubles with friends.

Place: Tennis court, Hartsdale, N.Y. I can report that I was playing particularly well this day, smashing serves like Gonzalez, slicing back low backhands not too unworthy of Rosewall and covering the court like Santana.

Onset: Suddenly a particularly difficult shot to my backhand challenged all my court acumen and agility. I lunged for it, blipped the ball just over the net, where it fell and died, as my opponents, unable to reach it, looked at each other in helpless chagrin.

Symptoms: It was only then that I felt needles in my elbow, stinging, deep needles on the outside of my arm as though someone had rapped the bone with a hammer. I continued to play. The pain disappeared for the remainder of the match, but after a shower it returned. I decided to ignore it and did not immediately seek medical advice. The following week, however, when I again tried to play tennis, my elbow hurt continuously and forced me to default in the middle of a match.

Recommended Treatments: As I sat dejectedly on the bench my partner and opponents offered consolation and ad-

vice. "Nothing to worry about," said one opponent. "I had it. Get yourself a shot of cortisone. Don't let them talk you into any of that heat-lamp stuff or water therapy or junk. Just tell them you want the shot."

"I wouldn't do that," said my partner. "Cortisone doesn't really solve anything. It just numbs the pain. Then you'll go ahead and play with those sharp edges of calcium cutting up the tissue. You can really damage the elbow that way."

I was beginning to get scared. That was also the beginning of my investigation into the great variety of "cures," most of them useless, which are commonly suggested to victims of the disease.

A fortnight passed and my elbow was still too sore to play, so I heaved myself into a seat in front of the family doctor.

"Does it hurt right here?" he asked, pushing on the outside of my elbow.

"Ouch!" I said. "You know, I've heard of old guys who just sort of put up with tennis elbow and don't treat it, but I'd like to be cured."

He eyed me with that I-know-better-than-God look physicians develop.

"Now, with your palm down, can you lift this book off the table?"

"It hurts."

"Does it hurt less when you turn your hand over?"

"Yes."

"That's why your backhand shot will hurt more than your forehand, because it hurts more on that side of the arm."

"Thanks," I said. "I'm very interested in the various cures that have been suggested to me and that I have been warned against. Some people say—"

He interrupted me. "How's your general health?"

"Fine."

"Well, there doesn't seem to be any question. You have tennis elbow."

"I know," I said, beginning to remember that, what with income taxes etc., I have to make \$13 for every \$10 wasted.

"I have tennis elbow, too," he said. "Mine's better. I couldn't even lift a book a year ago."

"A year!" I shouted. "I play tennis every weekend, and it is very important to me to be cured right now. How about cortisone?"

"Well," he said, "I don't think at this stage, with your symptoms and considering the possibilities of reactions and

all, that a cortisone shot is indicated."

Indicated? That is a doctor's obscurity meaning to be risked when they don't want to say ventured or hazarded. It is supposed to conceal from the patient that he is being experimented on. It did not fool me.

"Well, what do you think is indicated?" I said.

"Aspirin," he said. "Take about 10 a day and give up the game for a while."

He paused. I suppose he could see that I was dissatisfied, because he added, "Nice thing about this disease, it is self-limiting. That means that sooner or later it will go away."

"So will my life," I said.

So I gave up tennis. Yes, for two whole months I swallowed aspirin and did not touch a racket, waiting for indicated and self-limiting to take over. At the end of that time, having contributed substantially to Bayer profits for the year, I still could not lift a book with my palm down or wave to friends, or even smile while shaking hands.

Still, I was not ready to try cortisone with all those threatened side effects which no one had ever explained to me. What I needed, I decided, was the advice of a tennis nut, somebody who had faced the problem himself, or who knew many people who had.

A friend of mine knew Bill Talbert, one of the grand old (48) men of tennis, winner of the national doubles championship four times and the senior doubles three times. Now there, I thought, will be the voice of experience. What will he suggest?

Bill offered to help in any way he could. "Terrible disease for a tennis player," he said. "Incapacitating I never had it. In my experience it seems to happen usually to some hacker who goes out on the court once a week and thinks he can hit the big serve like Gonzalez and, of course, his arm just isn't in condition for that kind of play."

He was looking me in the eye so innocently that it was easy to suppose he was not referring to me. I gathered it would be bad form either to blush or to take offense, so I did neither.

"Of course, it seems to me old Savitt used to have it," he said. "Let's see . . ." He placed a call to Dick Savitt, Wimbledon champion in 1951 and now a very successful broker on Wall Street.

"Yes, that's what I remember," Bill

continued

Carry on



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said into the phone. "It used to happen after you had retired from the circuit and were playing in tournaments only occasionally. And then as you tried to raise the level of your game during tournaments. . . . Yes, yes, I remember seeing you in the shower before a match with a towel wrapped around your arm. And you ran hot water on it? Cut the pain? But no real cure."

"There is one exercise you might try," Talbert told me after saying goodbye to Savitt—that hacker. "Stand at fingertip distance from the wall, then walk your fingers up and down the wall. Seems to me I've heard that helps."

So I tried the finger-walking bit and the hot-water bit, which helped me zero in although that might be blamed on the difference between my game and Savitt's.

When I told the friend who had recommended Talbert he was dismayed. "I know another man for you," he said. "Try Justice Black—you know the senior member of the Supreme Court. I know he had tennis elbow, and he got rid of it."

Now I was not sure about the propriety of calling Justice Black about tennis elbow. I imagine he has some weighty problems these days and he might not care to—Well, anyway, I called him. I got his secretary and I didn't know how to tell her my problem.

"You see, I'm sort of a member of an unorganized group of which the Justice is a former member—that is we have both been victims of humeral epicondylitis, which, as you may know, is a very serious disease, and I understand from an old friend . . ."

"You mean tennis elbow?" she interrupted. "Say nothing more. Justice Black will be glad to talk to you about tennis elbow. I'll have the Justice call you."

Sure enough, the next day there was Justice Black on the telephone. "Now, don't you apologize at all," he said. "Tennis elbow is a very serious disease, and little is known about it. I want to try to help."

"Well, I'm trying to find a cure," I said.

"Ah, yes," said the Justice. "And I've had the cure, but I'm afraid that won't do your generation any good."

"What was it?"

"Well I had this tennis elbow. I couldn't play, and it was really uncomfortable, and I happened to mention

that fact to the Lippmanns, whom I was sitting with one evening at dinner. They both had it, and he said, 'We have just the man for you. We had it so badly we couldn't even open the door, and then we found this doctor and he cured us both.'

"I expressed some incredulity," the Justice continued, "but they insisted, so I called up this doctor—he was in New York and retired, but he was in such demand among tennis players that he did accept them as patients. He told me to come on up to New York."

"I did. Well he rubbed my arm—pretty hard, to put it mildly. And he kept rubbing for about 15 minutes. Then he told me to try a backhand, sort of swing my arm around as though I were hitting a backhand. He asked if it hurt. It did, so he massaged it some more, vigorously. Then he told me to try a backhand, and he asked if it still hurt. It didn't hurt at all. 'You are cured!' he said. 'How soon can I play tennis?' I said,

"How long will it take you to get to a tennis court?"

"So I flew back to Washington and that afternoon went out on my court and played with friends and had no pain. So I was cured."

"Where can I find this doctor?" I asked.

"I'm afraid he's dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes, and I'm afraid he took his secret with him."

Having failed to discover a treatment from tennis players, I turned at last to *The Journal of the American Medical Association* and there discovered two doctors who really care. Fredene W. Hild and Stephen M. Field have written a paper on humeral epicondylitis in which their first sentence reads, "Tennis elbow . . . is a minor ailment, but to a tennis player, a golfer, a gardener, or a skier, it can be a threat to his way of life." Now, that is more like it.

In a later paragraph, however, I was shocked to discover that doctors disagreed on the causes of the ailment.

"The literature," wrote Hild and Field, "relates tennis elbow to local trauma, contusion, or sprain, soft-tissue calcification, bursitis, radiohumeral synovitis, tear of the extensor carpi radialis brevis muscle, avulsion of the tendon origin, displacement of the orbicular ligament on the radial head,

continued

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or idiopathic spontaneous occurrence."

That is the most fancy way of saying, "We don't know," that I have ever heard of. As a paying patient, I object. Pass on. Doctors Hlfield and Field play tennis, and Doctor Hlfield, who is a member of the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, won a doubles tournament there in 1965. Pancho Segura is the club pro, and Gonzalez often drops by to play. The doctors have thus developed a tennis-playing clientele and have had an extraordinary opportunity to experiment (my word, not theirs) on patients.

At the time the article was written the doctors had studied 174 cases, which they reported on. The response to the article has amazed them.

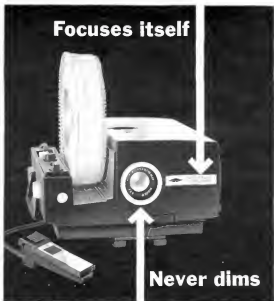
"I've written 25 medical articles," says Dr. Hlfield, "and that was the simplest one I ever did, but I've had more response from that one than from all the rest. I've received letters from all over the world—even Poland and Czechoslovakia—and calls from all over the U.S. I had the Taiwan air force write me because its pilots were getting tennis elbow from flying, and they wanted to try our treatment."

The doctors were able to report two relatively successful treatments. First they tried shots of cortisone on 130 patients. Forty-six were helped by one shot, another 10 by a second shot for a total of 56, or 43%. That, I think, is better than aspirin. The doctors found, however, that if a patient did not respond to the first two shots, more shots were unlikely to help.

For the patients who were not helped by cortisone, the doctors created a gadget. They devised a couple of elbow braces that support the elbow but prevent complete extension and limit the rotary motion of the forearm. The braces, which in appearance are slightly reminiscent of hernia straps seen in drugstore windows, can hardly appeal esthetically, but apparently they do work. The doctors tried the braces on 36 hard-core patients who had not been helped by other treatment. Twenty-four were able to return to their sport with good results.

The doctors also reported the case of a 37-year-old man who was first treated with heat, ultrasound, whirlpool and two shots of cortisone without relief. Finally they prescribed a brace, which "gave him immediate and lasting relief of pain and has enabled him to play tennis regularly."

continued



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TENNIS ELBOW

Encouraged by Hfeld-Field and only slightly dismayed by the threat of "occasional severe pain after the injection," I took myself to a needle-pusher who took a picture of my arm—no calcium and sure enough decided that a shot of cortisone was "indicated."

"What about 'reactions'?" I said.

"Well once in a while we do get a 'moonface' or something. You don't have an ulcer, do you? You'll probably be all right."

"But what does the cortisone do?" I asked.

"Well, it shakes it up in there. We think that tennis elbow is usually caused by an inflammation of the tendon where it fastens onto the bone, and this inflammation takes a long time to disappear. Cortisone just seems to make it disappear faster sometimes."

First he put in a needle—it looked like it was going right into my elbow bone—and shot in Novocain. Then, when I was numb, he changed syringes—leaving the needle in—and squirted in some cortisone. I had that dull, offended feeling of being manhandled—like when a dentist pulls a wisdom tooth.

Then he gave me a pain pill to help me sleep that night, and I needed one because my arm hurt. Next day it was better. Third day, bingo! For the first time in months I was free from pain.

Unlike Justice Black, I did not play tennis immediately, but what a joy when I did! I felt that old Gonzalez-like serve, that Roosevelt-like backhand, that Santana touch returning. I was cured! I might not be 20 or even 30 anymore, but I was smarter again, I could almost persuade myself that I was better than ever.

Several weeks later I had an encounter with my family doctor—the one who treated me with aspirin. We met at the tennis courts.

"How's your tennis elbow?" I said, because I knew he would never ask me.

"Not too bad," he said. "I can play the forehand in doubles. How's yours?"

"I'm cured," I said, scarcely suppressing a smirk. "Another doctor."

"No, really?" he said. "What was the treatment?"

"It wasn't aspirin," I said. "Some kind of massage—very painful—but immediate. I wish I could tell you more about it, but the man who gave it to me has since passed away and I'm afraid the secret died with him." Sometimes I am ashamed of myself.

END

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THE REAL SECRET OF TRADING

The Dodger general manager exposes the detailed negotiating behind the exchange of players and reveals that the successful wheeler-dealer is the one with—well, the best scouts, the best friends, the most luck

by BUZZIE BAVASI with JACK OLSEN



The funniest thing about getting into the limelight, even on the little puddle of limelight that I find myself in at Los Angeles, is reading the myths about yourself. You can read how you pulled this maneuver and that maneuver and by your astute moves you enabled the ball club to win the pennant. You can read how you have some kind of sixth sense that enables you to recognize the spark of greatness in some unrecognized ballplayer and how you bring him up or trade for him at exactly the right time and he wins the pennant for you, and boy! are you a genius!

Well, let me put it simply: there are times when a general manager may earn his pay by making some brilliant solo move, but for every brilliant move you make by yourself you are the beneficiary of a dozen brilliant accidents and another dozen brilliant moves by others, like your scouts, and you wind up getting the credit yourself. There are also times when you could have made a brilliant move and you didn't, but nobody hears about the deals you didn't make, so they don't count against you in the summing up. Running a ball club is 10% skill, 90% having the right men working for you and 50% dumb luck.

The role of the general manager has changed a lot. You have to grow your players yourself, down on the farm, like rutabagas. Trading for them is a vastly overrated technique. The Dodgers don't like to trade, and if we didn't make another trade in the next 10 years it would be too soon. That may sound strange from the man who traded for Ron Perrierowski and Phil Regan and Claude Osteen and Wally Moon and Andy Pafko and a dozen or so other star players, but

continued

the simple truth is we hate trading. We make trades rarely and under special circumstances, such as when we think the deal will bring us a pennant. We never make a trade just to exchange uniforms. Deals like that are going on all the time, and they're nothing more than an attempt to fool the public. Frank Lane used to specialize in uniform-exchange deals, and when I say that Frank was a great trader I don't mean that he was a good one. The thing that most people forget is that when you trade players of exactly equal ability everybody loses. Why? Because each team has lost a friend and acquired a stranger. And every trade chips away at that security that your ballplayers want, that security that makes them give you better performance. A ball club that keeps trading away a man in a blue uniform for a man in a red uniform is a jumpy ball club. You turn everybody into a Sue Perranoski. Whenever I call Ron's house and his wife answers the phone, she says, "Oh, my God, Buzzie, where are we going?"

The big trick in trading is to unload a ballplayer a year too soon rather than a year too late, and if you can give me a foolproof way how to tell when it's a year too soon and not a year too late I'll send you a lifetime pass to my private box at Dodger Stadium. Looking back on it, I would say that one good rule is to try to trade for ballplayers coming off bad years. An ideal situation is to reach down into the minor leagues for a former major-leaguer who is having the miseries. Remember, this fellow used to eat steak and stay at the best hotels and fly in jets. Now he's eating hamburger and staying in flytraps. There's no telling what he might do to get back to the big time. The perfect example is Phil Regan. He pitches in the majors six seasons, and then he wakes up one morning and he's in Syracuse. So we bring him back up, and all he does is win 14 and lose one. In his last year with Detroit he was 1-5!

But the Phil Regan deal also demonstrates the part that dumb luck plays in trading. How did I wind up with Phil Regan? Did I study the form, analyze his potential, send scouts on secret trips to watch him and then bring off the masterful stroke? No, all I did was accidentally show up in the right place at the right time. And it happened in about two minutes. I was walking through the lobby of a hotel in Fort Lauderdale

and there sits my old friend Charlie Dessen, managing Detroit at the time. As I walk up to him, Charlie says, "Buzzie, I need an infielder."

I said, "Well, Charlie, that's very interesting, but what does that have to do with my young life?"

He said, "You've got two extra ones. Pee-wee Oliver and Dick Tracewski."

I said, "Which one do you want?"

He said, "How about Dick?"

I said, "Fine."

He said, "How much money do you want?"

Now, it is my instinct not to accept money when I can get a ballplayer, any ballplayer. You may get 19 straight stiffs, but the 20th guy could help you win a pennant. So I say to Charlie: "I don't want money. Give me a player."

He says, "Who do you want?"

Now, I could have said Al Kaline or somebody like that, but Charlie and I were practically brothers in baseball and we didn't try to kid each other or do any fancy bargaining. So I just said, "Oh, maybe a pitcher for our team in Spokane or something like that."

He says, "How about Phil Regan?"

Well, I knew less about Phil Regan than the janitor did. I had seen him pitch once in my life, when the Angels were playing in Los Angeles, and he didn't look to me like a pitcher who was ever going to wind up 14-1 with a major league club. He threw the ball with the grace and finesse of a pro wrestler. But Dick Tracewski was no Joe Gordon, either. So I said, "O.K., it's a deal." And that's the whole story of how we got the best relief pitcher in baseball.

This is the way that things happen more often than not. Take the way we got hold of Ron Perranoski, the guy who was 16-3 in relief for us in 1963. Bear with me, because this gets a little complicated, but if you can understand it you'll get a lot of insight into how major league deals are made.

I was sitting in a hotel in Phoenix just before the 1960 season opened. The Dodgers were playing exhibition games on the way home, and my favorite member of the club, for a lot of reasons, was Don Zimmer. Zim was approaching that period where he still looked valuable, but he was beginning to lose the touch and it's the perfect time, in other words, to trade him. But I'm not trying to deal him away, because I like him too much. Now the phone rings, and it's

Bing Devine, then general manager of the Cardinals. "Buzzie," he says, "I need a utility infielder."

I said, "Who do you want?"

He said, "Zimmer."

I said, "What'll you give for him?"

"Oh, about \$25,000."

I said, "I'll call you back."

Now the wheels are spinning about 7,000 rpm in my head. I'm figuring that \$25,000 isn't much money but, on the other hand, it was pretty obvious that Zimmer was ripe to be dealt, and I can't play favorites to the point where I turn down a good deal for the ball club. So I figure, the Cubs are in Mesa, I'll just give John Holland a call and see what he'll offer. "John," I said, "Zim's available."

He perked up at the mention of Zimmer, this was just the kind of shot in the arm the Cubs needed. John says, "How much do you want for him?"

I said, "I'll see you at the ball park."

Right away I called Bing and I said, "Bing, I've got a chance to deal Zimmer to the Cubs. I don't know what they're going to offer, but if you don't mind I'd like to leave it up to Zimmer. He's meant a lot to the Dodgers, and I think he's got it coming."

Bing said, "O.K." To tell you the truth, I knew that the Cardinals now had no chance to get Zimmer. Every ballplayer wants to play for Phil Wrigley, because every ballplayer wants to play as many day games as possible and Mr. Wrigley has not had lights installed as yet. I called Zimmer, and he confirmed my reasoning.

So now I have a talk with John Holland and Charlie Grimm, and they want to know the price on Zimmer.

I said, "Oh, let's say \$27,500 and three ballplayers."

To my surprise, John says, "O.K., the money's fine. What ballplayers do you want?"

I said, "I don't know. Who you got?"

He says, "Well, we'll give you Lee Handley, the outfielder."

"O.K."

"How about Johnny Goryl, the second baseman?"

"I'll take him."

"You want Ben Johnson?"

"Nope."

"Moe Thacker?"

"No, thanks."

"We've got a pretty good-looking left-hander coming out of the Army."

"Named what?"

"Perranoski P-e-r-r-a-n-o-s-k-i."

"I never heard of any Perranoski," I said. "Who is he?"

This must have irked Charlie Grimm, because he snapped back, "Well, we gave him \$30,000 to sign. That's who he is!"

I figured if the Cubs gave him \$30,000 to sign he can't be all bad. When the Cubs shell out 30 grand, it's for a reason. So I said I'd take him, I thought he'd make a good prospect for our club in Spokane or Fort Worth. The deal was for \$27,500 and three players, and I had to take somebody. And that is how the brilliant Buzzie Bavasi brought Ron Perranoski to the Dodgers.

Last year I got a lot of credit for grabbing Dick Stuart after the Mets turned him loose. There isn't any doubt about it, Stuart won a couple of key ball games for us, and when you win a pennant by one game you've got to look fondly on everybody who came through for you. Those hits of Stuart's made a difference, that's for sure. But I didn't anticipate this when I got the telephone call from him that started the whole deal. Stuart had just been released, and he says to me, "I'm ready to go to work. I'd like to play for the Dodgers, and I thought I'd give you first chance at me."

One thing Stuart never lacked was confidence. I like that in a hallplayer I stud, "Are you in shape?"

He acted highly insulted. "I'm always in shape," he said.

I said, "Well, the only way I could possibly use you would be as a pinch hitter, and then you'd be griping all the time about riding the bench."

"No, I wouldn't," he said. "Those days are over. I'm a pinch hitter, and I know it. And with me as a pinch hitter, you can win."

I gave him the job and he started spraying hits all over the place, and pretty soon the papers were full of stories about another one of Buzzie's coups, and how the Mets were stupid. And as far as the Mets' stupidity was concerned, I thought then and I still think now that they were right in releasing Stuart. The Mets are a young ball club, they're building, and they have a kid first baseman named Ed Kranepool who can hit a ton if he gets the seasoning. If I had been with the Mets, I'd have released Dick Stuart myself.

There's another kind of big deal that the general manager gets the credit for

continued



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and really has very little to do with, and that's the one showed down his throat by some scout. The scout will keep calling and calling about some hallplayer he's spotted, and you'll keep telling him to forget it, and he'll keep telling you you've got to bring the kid up right away, he's ready, he'll set the league on fire, etc., etc. So finally you bring the kid up to get the scout off your back and the kid plays like a million dollars and then everybody writes what a brilliant move you made. No kidding! I'm not trying to be modest, either. I know what I do for the Dodgers and what I don't do, and I'll take the credit for having a good scouting staff, for having a good organization in the first place. That's where general management comes in: you pick the right men for the right jobs and you sit back and get all the credit!

The scout who comes immediately to mind is Johnny Cornden, a sweet old guy who knocked around baseball for years and years. Johnny had been around the Dodgers when I first came into baseball, and he treated me like a man when a lot of the other guys were giving me the rookie hazing treatment. I always had a soft spot for Johnny after that, and years later, when he was getting old and he was out of baseball, I found he needed a job. The trick was to find him something that wouldn't be too strenuous, wouldn't take him too far from his home in Indianapolis and yet would give him a feeling he was earning his pay. So I called him and I said, "John, I want you to go to every ball game that's played in Indianapolis, and I want you to tell me if you see anything good for us."

So Johnny goes to work, and he pulls his load. Nothing spectacular, but then we're not paying him anything spectacular, either. Now comes the 1959 season, our second year in the Coliseum. The year before we've finished seventh, and for the 1959 season certain geniuses of the press are predicting another miserable year for us. But as the season wears on, it begins to look like we actually have a chance to win it all. I could taste that pennant! I was going to make those writers eat their columns. The only trouble was we were short a good relief pitcher, and I didn't have the slightest idea where to look.

One day I was talking to Cornden and I said, "Johnny, I want you to pay special attention to pitchers. We can win

this thing with another relief pitcher."

The next week I get a call from Indianapolis. "Buzzie," Johnny says, "I've found a reliever. And where do you think he's at? At St. Paul!"

St. Paul was our own farm club, which made things real nice, but the trouble was I didn't think much of John's idea of a pitcher. It was Larry Sherry. I knew Larry Sherry, and to my mind he just wasn't ready. But how was I going to stall Johnny off?

"John," I said, "why don't you take another look at him when St. Paul comes through town again?"

He says, "I don't have to look at him again. You asked me to do a job, and I did it. Now you tell me to take another look. You ought to bring him up right now!"

I said, "I can't do it on one look, John."

He says, "What are you saying, that you don't take my word for it?"

I said, "No, John, I take your word for it, but I'm just asking you as a personal favor to me: take one more look."

He says, "If you want to be bullheaded and stubborn, all right. I'll take another look. But it'll be the same!"

A couple of weeks go by, and we're still hurting for a relief pitcher on the big club. Now it's the first of July and the phone rings, and it's Johnny. "I took another look at Sherry and nothing's changed," he says. "Besides, you've got to take him now."

I said, "Why?"

He said, "Because I just bought him a plane ticket to Los Angeles!"

How do you like that? One of our best scouts has now taken over my job and the road secretary's job at the same time! I had to laugh. "All right, John," I said, "and if he doesn't work out, we can take the cost of the ticket out of your pay."

"That's fine with me," Johnny said, "and when you win the pennant you can give me a bonus out of *your* pay!"

Larry Sherry shows up on the 2nd of July and turns the bullpen into the Rock of Gibraltar. Largely thanks to him, we end the season in a tie with Milwaukee and go into a playoff. Sherry, 7-2 for the regular season, went right out and saved us in the first playoff game. He came on in the second inning, stopped the Braves, shut them out the rest of the way, and we won 3-2.

You can imagine how excited Johnny

continued

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Corrigan must have been. He was a little too old to travel, but he watched the first playoff game on television in his living room in Indianapolis. In the middle of the game, while Sherry was mowing the Braves down one after another, Johnny's wife came into the living room and noticed that he was very quiet. "John," she said, "what's the matter with you today?" She walked over and touched him, and he was dead.

Larry was broken up about it, and so was I. Sherry sent a telegram to the widow saying he owed whatever he had to John, and now he was going to go out and finish the job that John gave him. In the Series he set a record that I'm willing to bet will never be matched. He allowed one earned run and eight hits in 12½ innings, and in every one of our four wins he either saved or won the game.

Nowadays we have another old man from Indianapolis keeping his eyes on things, and I wish we had a hundred more like him. His name is Ted McGrew, he is in his 80s, and before he went into semiretirement he was one of the best scouts in baseball. To tell the truth, all we pay Ted is his expenses, but the arrangement is satisfactory to everybody. In the summertime we get him a room in a hotel in Chicago, and he sees a game every day, either the Cubs or the White Sox. There are not many men around who have as good an idea of what's going on in baseball as Ted McGrew. He is the reason we got Claude Osteen. We were looking for a good left-handed pitcher, and one day Ted calls and says, "Osteen's your man." I'd seen Osteen once or twice myself, and I liked his looks, but I'd never dealt for him if Ted hadn't made his recommendation. And if we don't get Osteen, is there anyone in his right mind who thinks we would have won the pennant in 1965 and 1966? Everybody remembers that Sandy Koufax won 27 games for us last year and 26 the year before; nobody remembers that Osteen won 17 last year and 15 in 1965.

If ever there was a pennant deal in the whole history of baseball, it had to be the one for Wally Moon, and this one was a mixture of luck and enterprize, mainly on the part of Wally Moon himself. One day in 1958 Bing Devine called me and said the Cardinals wanted to trade Moon, a left-handed pull hitter. Now, if there is anything in the world

that met the definition of useless, it was a left-handed pull hitter in the Los Angeles Coliseum. It was 440 feet to right field and your average left-handed pull hitter couldn't put one over that fence in anything less than a drive and two five-iron. If Duke Snider could barely do it, maybe twice a season, how could Wally Moon be expected to do it? Another thing: Moon had a bad elbow. So when Devine said, "Maybe you'd give us Gino Cimoli for Moon?" I said, "No."

Bing said, "What about if I throw in Phil Paine?" Paine was a promising young pitcher; I figured he could help our Spokane club, and now the pluses began going through my brain. Moon had had four good seasons before his injury, and he used to murder our pitchers. I got to thinking, maybe Moon isn't going to be worth a damn to us, but at least we'll get him off the streets and he won't be able to mug us anymore.

So I told Bing, "O.K.," and thought very little more about it. Gino Cimoli was a special friend of mine, but he was riding the bench for us and mad about it, and the trade of one bench warmer for an injured player and a minor league pitcher isn't the kind of deal I sit up nights wondering about. The most encouraging thing was Moon's comment. "Los Angeles made a hell of a deal," he said, "better than the Cards made." I liked that. I'm a sucker for a ballplayer with confidence. But I never dreamed just how valuable Moon would turn out to be. He came to Los Angeles and began to study that short screen in left field, and then he began asking our pitchers to throw him extra batting practice, and soon he was ready to go. As he explained it later: "I decided to shoot for the screen with what I call a calculated slice. It's simply a matter of bringing your hands closer to the body and slightly delaying your swing. You keep the end of the bat cocked for a split second after the hands have begun to move, and at the last possible moment you flip the end of the bat at the ball. That's all there was to it."

That makes it look pretty simple, but Wally Moon was that rare combination: a good, smart athlete with the ability to integrate his intelligence into physical actions. You have good athletes who are smart but can't get their smartness in harness with their muscles. Wally put it all together. He hit nine of his 19 home runs that season over that

screen, even though it was the "wrong" field for him. He batted .302, drove in 74 runs and did as much for our ball club in one year as a single human being could possibly do. His confidence helped the whole ball club. I don't mean he was a pop-off, but he would say things like, "My idea of a picnic is to come to bat in the last of the ninth with the score tied 1 all and a man on base." He meant it, too, and pretty soon he had the whole ball club acting like pennant winners, even though they had finished next to last the year before. As if all that wasn't enough, Wally helped us with Sandy Koufax, who you will remember was a struggling kid in those years, full of promise but with very little to show for it. When Wally was on the Cardinals one of his closest pals was Alvin Dark, and that smart-guy Alvin discovered that Koufax was tipping his pitches. Sandy would bring his glove to one place on his uniform for a curve ball and another place for a fast ball.

When we traded for Wally, he told us the secret. Nobody believed him, so we had Sandy pitch a practice game in Florida and we kept score on how many times Moon could predict the pitch. He called 93 out of 96, and we had Sandy correct his motion fast.

Still, I can't honestly say that the trade for Wally was the best deal I ever made. That distinction goes to one I made strictly at the behest of a guy who brings a lump to my throat every time I think of him. Spencer Harris, our general manager at the Spokane club and before that our all-around shop foreman in spring training—"the mayor of Dodger-town," as everybody knew him. Spence died a couple of years ago, and I went up to Spokane for the funeral with Fresno Thompson and Dick Walsh. I hadn't seen ice and snow for years, and now it was up to our backsides. Here we are carrying the casket through this thick snow, and all the time I'm thinking of Spence and the thousand practical jokes we had played on each other, and then I almost slipped and fell, the snow was so deep. So just before we got to the church I started to laugh. I couldn't help it. Fresno gave me a look; he knew what I was thinking. I was thinking that Spence must be having the biggest laugh of all at this scene. Here was the ultimate in practical jokes, making us carry his casket through the snow. I could hear him chortling to himself. "Boy, I got

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THE SECRET OF TRADING continued

even with this guy! Boy, did I get even!"

Spencer Harris could watch a kid comb his hair and tell you if the kid would ever make the major leagues. One day, when I was general manager at Montreal, Spence called me and he said: "Buzzze, I just found out the Baltimore Elite Giants need money. Call them right away and get two of their players, Joe Black and Jim Gilliam. Get them no matter what they cost!"

I made the deal for \$11,000, and if you can heat that, call me collect. Joe Black won the pennant for Brooklyn in 1952, and Jim Gilliam has done as much for the Dodgers through the years as any ballplayer I can think of, including some of the biggest names in the club's history. I'd hate to think what our record would have been without him. Funny thing about Gilliam, he's been on the block every single year since we got him. That is, according to the press. I can't remember a spring when the newspapermen didn't put Gilliam up for trade. It gives me great pleasure to report that we never even came close. That's why he's on our coaching staff now. Gilliam's playing days are over, but I wouldn't trade him for Nebraska.

Of course, if you take a real good look at this business of who traded whom and for what, it can get ridiculous. It balances out. At least that's what I tell myself every time I think of Roberto Clemente.

We once owned Clemente. We signed him for a \$10,000 bonus and sent him to Montreal for seasoning. He was a 19-year-old kid, right out of the winter leagues, and there wasn't any room for him on the roster of the big club. We ordered Montreal to keep him under wraps any way they could. Up there he was eligible for the baseball draft, and we didn't want to lose anybody as promising as this kid. On the other hand, we didn't realize how great he was or we'd have put him on the big club right away and protected him from the draft regardless of who we'd have to unload.

At Montreal, to keep Clemente from looking too good, our manager, Max Macon, kept moving him in and out of the lineup. Poor Roberto! He'd strike out and Max would let him play the whole game. If he hit a home run, Max would get him out of there quick. He was benched one game because he had hit three triples the day before. He was taken out for a pinch hitter with the

bases loaded in the first inning of another game. You can imagine how this must have puzzled the kid. The net effect was to hold his batting average down to .257, and we figured he was safe from the draft.

But Clyde Sukeforth, who had come out of our own organization and now was scouting for the Pirates, had his eye on Roberto. He told Macon, "Take good care of Clemente. We want him in good shape when we draft him."

Max says, "Clemente? He's nothing!" Max knew better, and so did Sukey. That year Pittsburgh finished last in the league and had the first draft choice. There goes Clemente! Am I admitting that we blew it? I certainly am. But then I always say: of all the different kinds of sight, the best kind is hindsight.

That's especially true in baseball, and that's one of the wonderful things about the game. The second time you take your grandmother to a ball game she's second-guessing the managers and explaining the infield-fly rule to some stranger three rows back. Everything in baseball is right out there in the open, and your opinion is as good as mine. As a baseball general manager I have to be concerned about things like taxes and attendance and interleague play and concessions and so forth, but when you get right down to it the game of baseball is about two things and two things only: winning and losing.

You've got to love baseball to be a general manager, or else you've got to be stupid, and maybe it's a little bit of both with me. I do know that I wouldn't have missed this career for anything in the world. I go home every night and say, "What a way to make a living!" It's a pleasure to get up in the morning, and anybody who complains about a job in baseball is either an idiot or a moron. If someone had told me 25 years ago that I'd be spending my springs in Florida watching baseball games and my summers in Los Angeles watching baseball games and my evenings at home watching baseball games, I'd have sent for the wagon. Sometimes I feel I should go into O'Malley's office and tell him to cut my salary \$10,000 because it's not fair that I should be getting so much money for having so much fun. I mean, there are a lot of interesting ways to make a living, like telling jokes or flying planes or tasting wines, but not for me. I'll take baseball all the way.

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PEOPLE

Soccer is not the line of work in which **President de Gaulle** and Boston's **Richard Cardinal Cushing** have been engaged for the last 50 years, nor has baseball been Conductor **Leopold Stokowski's** particular pursuit, but all three have shown themselves to be in form recently. Before the Sixth Annual Cardinal Cushing Field Day in Boston, the Cardinal obliged photographers with a wistful-high kick that was most impressive for a 71-year-old gentleman in skirts. In Paris, at the championship match between Lyon and Sochaux, French President de Gaulle snatched up an errant soccer ball and heeled it smartly back into play, to the great satisfaction of 32,523 fans. Leopold Stokowski performed for a somewhat smaller gallery in New York's Central Park, but it is obvious (below) that the 85-year-old conductor attacked his chores with vigor and enthusiasm. Stokowski threw out the first ball for a softball game that the men of the American Symphony Orchestra played against the women—"Wolf's Gang," vs. "Beethoven's Bunnies" to be precise—and then umpired for a bit. The results of the game were inconclusive, but it was the symphony's first, and its members were sufficiently pleased

with their own performance to look forward to challenging the Philharmonics.

They had a sports night recently at the Buffalo Athletic Club, and a public-relations firm dispatched a couple of releases to the *Buffalo Evening News* to enable the paper to spell names of the function's speakers correctly. The releases were a big help. Buffalo Bill Coach **Joel Collier** was spelled Collyer on both, Carnius Basketball Coach **Bob Mackinnon** came out Darby McKinnon on one and Bob McKernon on the other, **Jack Guthrie**, president of the Buffalo Bunnies, was renamed Gumbler and Guenther, **Richard (Doc) Urish**, University of Buffalo football coach, was elevated to Dr. Urish; and ex-leatherweight boxing champion **Tommy Paul** was rechristened, all too cutely, Jonny. Anybody planning to go to a lot of trouble to make a name for himself should shuffle off from Buffalo.

Westley Unseld, the All-American basketball center from the University of Louisville, will compete for the U.S. in the Pan-American Games and join a late-summer tour of the Far East with a special State Department team. In the meantime, he has

been grappling with a much tougher assignment. He had a role last week in the university's production of the French miracle play, *Le Jeu d'Adam*, and the French miracle play was done in French. Unseld does not speak French. The real miracle is

revolver in the air and I think, 'My God, he's got to shoot the bloody devil!' Finally we come to a house and my friend tells me to go one way and he'll go the other. Who comes the other way but the big bloke. I was trying to figure out how I could hit



that he learned his lines phonetically, and one hopes he got them off authoritatively. The role he was playing was God.

If you are driving a stolen car you can hardly do a lot worse than to arouse the joint suspicions of a state trooper and a race driver. A pair of thieves made the mistake recently in Indiana. Scotland's Denver **Jackie Stewart** (above) and a trooper named Joe Harris were on their way to Columbus, Ind., after a practice session at the Indy track when, as Stewart describes it, "We came up behind a car with two young fellows in it. They seemed suspicious to us. Well, the policeman turns on that whirling red light, and there we are speeding down the highway chasing them, and they turn off the road at a place called, of all places, Edinburg! When they stopped and jumped out of the car my policeman friend told me to chase the little guy and he'd go after the big bloke, so there we are, going through fields, over fences and through yards, and my policeman friend is firing his

him—I'm a dedicated crowd, you know—but he raises both hands and gives up. My policeman friend has the other man. And then the lady who lives in the house comes running out to tell us to quit running through her garden!" Stewart and Trooper Harris conveyed their catch into Edinburg where, with a fitfulness nothing short of sublime, they arrived to the sound of bagpipes. "That's no story, now," Stewart says in wonder. "Some bloke was actually practicing on bagpipes!"

In Minneapolis-St. Paul last week Evangelist **Billy Graham** took time out from his spiritual crusade to watch the Twins play the White Sox, sharing a box with the wife of Twins Owner Calvin Griffith. Natalie Niven Griffith and the Reverend Mr. Graham grew up on an adjoining dairy farm in Charlotte, N.C., and as children they played baseball together. "I won't tell you folks what we used on our dairy farm for bases," Graham said coyly, sidestepping a clearly unsporting issue.





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- ☐ ☐ 2. Two months?
- ☐ ☐ 3. Six months?
- ☐ ☐ 4. More?
- ☐ ☐ 5. Did somebody give you the bottle?
- ☐ ☐ 6. Did you buy it yourself?
- ☐ ☐ 7. Do you put it away when company's coming?
- ☐ ☐ 8. Do you break it out when company's coming?
- ☐ ☐ 9. Do you treat yourself to it once in a while when you're alone?
- ☐ ☐ 10. Have you got any other Scotch in the house?
- ☐ ☐ 11. Do you keep that other Scotch in the front of the bar and that wonderful 12-Year-Old Chivas Regal hidden in the back?
- ☐ ☐ 12. Or is it the other Scotch that you hide?

If you answered any of these questions "Yes" or "No", you're absolutely right.
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A season for checking into bold plaid pants

A decade ago the only sports trousers most well-dressed men possessed were gray flannels for cool weather, worn with tweed sports jackets, and gray tropicals for summer, with jackets of linen, madras plaid or cotton cord. Khakis and jeans were strictly for knocking about. Then gradually, through the influence of golfers and of resorts at Palm Beach, Southampton and the Riviera, men got used to the idea of a wardrobe of trousers, first in conservative colors, then in vivid reds, yellows and greens. They sometimes were combined with sports jackets patterned in checks and plaids.

This summer, the most popular sports jacket is the blazer (SL, April 3) and, since today's blazer is by definition a jacket without any pattern at all, the checks and the plaids have moved to the trousers. The patterns are menswear traditional, but there is nothing old hat about the colors—as is evident in the white-and-blue-and-red windowpane plaid, the white-and-mustard latticework and the blue-and-red glen plaid to the left, seen at the N.Y. Automobile Show and at the 12 Hours of Sebring. Jim Gilmore's tattersall check with a double-breasted blazer (right) is the most popular pattern of all. These new trousers are all of washable blends and are meant to be worn cuffless, with slip-on shoes, with or without socks.

WHERE TO BUY

Facing page: Windowpane-plaid slacks (top) of Fortrel, rayon and linen are by Meyer, \$18 (Whitehouse & Hardy, New York, Detroit and Fort Lauderdale). The white-and-mustard slacks are of rayon acetate, \$18.50 (Paul Stuart, New York). The glen-plaid slacks of Dacron and linen, by Newman Trousers, are \$25 (J. Wayne, Houston). The tattersall slacks at right are of Fortrel and cotton, \$13 (Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. FREDERICK SMITH



Thanksgiving comes twice a year out West

Not long ago wild turkeys were so scarce in this country that when a flock was sighted it made news, but today the birds are thriving and so plentiful that some states allow hunters to shoot them in spring and fall

Spring is the season of love and leisure for most birds and animals. The woes of winter are past, the promise of summer lies ahead and, for a few months, even man is no more than a minor nuisance. But try telling that to a turkey. Thanksgiving may still be half a year away, but as far as the hunters in those states with early turkey seasons are concerned there is also a spring version.

The fact that there is turkey hunting at all in this country, in spring or fall, is ample reason for thanksgiving. Fifty years ago wild-turkey populations in the U.S. hit bottom. What birds the market and meat hunters did not kill off were wiped out, along with their habitat, by loggers. The few turkeys that managed to survive seemed destined to be national curiosities. That they could ever be nurtured back to shootable population levels was a dream beyond hope.

The very hopelessness of the wild turkey's plight was, in a sense, what saved it. By the '20s and '30s the public had at last begun to develop a conscience about wildlife, prompted in part by the fact that several native species were already gone for good. The turkey, so distinctively American and so decidedly in the final stages of decline, was a logical subject for a crusade.

The nationwide campaign that followed did much to save the bird, but only after World War II were any serious attempts made not simply to protect the turkey but to propagate it. In the two decades since, game-management agencies across the country have more than made up for the late start. Through research, education, experimentation, the development of new techniques for trapping and restocking, large-scale habitat improvement and development, and the cooperation of sportsmen, the wild turkey has made a most spectacular comeback.

Today the bird Benjamin Franklin believed more qualified than the eagle to be our national symbol has returned in grand style to every corner of its original range, and has even moved to a lot of places it had never been before. California, which previously produced no turkeys gamier than the supermarket variety, now has some 6,000 wild birds roaming its forests and expects double that number before long. Washington, which planted 17 birds from Wyoming in various parts of the state six years ago, opened its first turkey-hunting season five years later, and estimates put the current population at close to 1,800 and still growing. On the birds' original 39-state range, turkey populations in some areas are higher today than at any time previously recorded.

Driving along a country road in the Texas hill country about a month ago, I counted 53 birds in seven different flocks

in the first hour after sunup. The toms were performing before their assembled harems like soft-shoe dancers on a vaudeville stage. Not too many years ago, the sight would have brought news photographers rushing to the scene. It is still a spectacle worth recording, but today even a dozen flocks of turkeys are no longer news.


What is news to a great many people, including a surprising number of sportsmen, is the idea of hunting turkeys in the spring. The logic behind spring seasons is both sound and simple. It is based on the fact that turkey populations have a turnover each year of approximately 50%; whether or not the birds are hunted; that turkeys are polygamous and in any polygamous species at least 75% of the males can be harvested safely without interfering with normal reproduction; that the least wasteful, most practical and most selective means of harvesting is by sportsmen; and that the best time to harvest is immediately after the mating season when the hens are nested and the males have already fulfilled their primary function.

It is sometimes difficult to tell the difference between male and female turkeys, since about 10% of the hens have the unfeminine habit of growing beards. But in spring a mature old gobbler goes through something of a courtship metamorphosis. The wattles beneath his chin become swollen and pendulous and brilliant red in color, his head takes on a splendid scarlet hue and he struts like an Indian chief in full feather, spreading and fanning his plumage before the ladies. He is at his best—fatter, stronger, healthier than at any other time of year.

And as a trophy, the wild turkey is at no other time so challenging, so maddening and so exciting to hunt as in spring. At any season of the year a wild turkey, unlike its barnyard relative, is the wariest of birds. Certainly it is the



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HUNTING continued

most difficult prey for a hunter to outwit. It hears better than a deer, sees better than a mountain goat, and is more suspicious than a horseplayer's wife. A gobbler in spring offers all these challenges and one more: he will answer a call. Or, more accurately, he is supposed to answer a call.

Turkey-calling requires great skill, reasonable luck, innate self confidence and a certain devoutness of spirit. Few but the most daring turkey hunters gamble on mouth-blown calls anymore, although the hollowed turkey bone and the metal-and-rubber half-moon are probably the most devastating calls of all. They are also the most difficult to master. Since one false note can end a turkey hunt before it properly begins, most hunters do not try.

Easier to use, but equally ruinous if used wrong, are the hand callers that imitate either the hen or the gobbler. These are usually small boxlike affairs made preferably of cedar, sometimes with slate, which are scratched and shaken, or rattled and rubbed. The hen call is a love-sick plea for company, the gobbler call is a challenge to combat. The choice is purely a matter of personal preference.

During New Mexico's spring gobbler season this year I saw more hen calls than gobbler calls in use, but the success ratios were about the same. The real turkeys were seldom being fooled by either, although one hunter in our party managed to call another hunter to within four feet of him. They never did decide which fellow was the more surprised when, gobbling and putt-putting, they finally came face to face with each other across a log.

There are few moments to match the experience of calling a turkey in. This is doubtless the reason turkey hunters treat their calls with the kind of reverence normally reserved for Peruvian mummies, and the Hope diamond. Even transporting the calls involves certain formalities. Some are taken afield encased in plastic-lined bags or zippered cases. Others are carefully wrapped in handkerchiefs.

My hunting companion, Bill Huey of the New Mexico Department of Game and Fish, prefers a hen call, which he carries in a soft flannel square. Periodically he would touch his pocket while we hunted, as if checking that the call was still there.

It was not long before Huey got to

use the call. We were walking through a wooded canyon. Suddenly Huey stopped, frozen in midstep. Partway up the canyon wall was a turkey, visible for an instant before it disappeared among the tree trunks. Huey signaled me down behind a fallen log. In slow motion he removed the call from his pocket and carefully unwrapped it on his knee. It consisted of two small, rectangular blocks of wood held together by a rubber band and separated by a piece of sandpaper. He slid off the rubber band and lightly caressed the slate surface of the larger block with the sandpaper. Then with quick, erratic strokes, he rubbed the head of a wooden peg projecting from the smaller block across the slate. The sound was a short, sharp *arreek*—about like the exasperating sound of chalk scraping on a blackboard.

We could not see over the log and dared not raise our heads. If the turkey had seen us, it would have been on the next mountain by now. If it had not, our chances of luring it within range depended entirely on Huey's ability to sound seductive. If he sounded a wrong note, or scraped too loudly, or called too frequently, that would end the game. The temptation to peek over the log was almost overwhelming. The waiting was interminable.

Huey scratched on the call again. Again we waited. The morning was absolutely still. Then, from what seemed directly on the other side of the log, there was a *putt*. I jumped involuntarily. The sound had completely unnerved me. Huey held up one finger for me to be still. He made a single answering *screeek* on the caller. It was very short and soft. On the other side of the log, the turkey said *putt*. There was a long pause, then another *putt* closer.

I could stand the suspense no longer. Slowly, carefully, I pushed the safety off my gun and reached upright. Not a dozen feet from the log a yearling tom, its beard just a tuft of stubble, was pacing back and forth like an expectant father outside a delivery room. For a startled instant he stopped, as if not believing what he saw. Then, with a *putt*, *putt*, *putt*, *putt*, he whirled and started up the hill. I pushed the safety back on my gun and watched him vanish into the trees.

"He won't forget that experience in a hurry," Huey laughed. I knew I would not, either.

END

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Golf becomes easier whenever you can eliminate any variable that pertains to the swing, yet the classic methods of teaching involved some complex changes in ball positioning. The traditional theory for hitting irons stated that as the left of the club increased, the position of the ball at address shifted to the right and the stance became more and more open. Every club, therefore, required its

own stance. The system I use—as do most of today's touring pros—is much simpler. The right foot is moved closer to the left as the loft of the club increases, and the ball is positioned slightly closer to the golfer, because the shaft of the club is shorter. But regardless of the club being used, the stance always is kept square to the line of flight and the ball is always played off the left heel.

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Love and hate and a very fast hundred

The riot in Houston hung like a pall over Texas Southern, but it did nothing to slow Jimmy Hines

There were only three places left in the rented blue sedan that was shuttling athletes between the practice field and downtown Modesto, before the California Relays there last Saturday night. The driver was in a hurry, and Stan Wright, the coach from Texas Southern University, motioned to his relay team to get into the car. The four boys hesitated on the curb and shook their heads. "We better wait for the next car," said Lee Smith. "If our relay team can't fit in there together, we'd rather not go right now." So, some other kids climbed into the back seat, and the four sprinters who

within 24 hours were being trying to set a world record in the 440-yard relay stood around and waited for a car that had room for all of them.

"It may seem unimportant that they don't want to be separated for a 10-minute ride," Coach Wright said later. "But when you realize the kind of team effort a relay demands, you appreciate their attitude." Smith, a 26-year-old Army veteran who is the unofficial leader of the group, put it more simply: "Over the season, we've learned to love each other."

Smith smiled as he spoke, but his choice of words reflected the unusual and serious mood that surrounded the Texas Southern track men last weekend. With one of the most talented fields of the season assembled for the meet, most of the talk at Modesto was of records and trophies. But the young Negro men from Texas Southern had some other things on their minds—things like sticking close together, and love and, most particularly, hate. They had seen the last emotion at close range only 10 days before, and even the glamour of a big meet could not wipe it out of their thoughts.

Texas Southern almost did not make it to Modesto last week. A number of trackmen—including two of the relay members but not the best one, Jimmy Hines—had been among the 488 people arrested after a riot on the school's Houston campus. At 3:15 on the morning of May 17, they had been yanked from their beds and taken to a police station to be questioned on suspicion of the murder of a policeman during the riot.

"When all the trouble broke out,"

said Wright, "the police just started rushing through each dorm and grabbing everyone. The athletic dorm happened to be right in their path. Our kids were all asleep and didn't even know what was going on. Still, they were taken out and booked. Now the school is trying to get the arrests wiped off the books, so the kids won't have records." School officials also wondered if they should keep their athletes home for a while, but Wright convinced them that doing so would make matters only worse.

Even if the police records are changed, however, the trackmen's memories of the arrests will be ineradicable. Bobby Evans, a 20-year-old sophomore from Dallas, was awakened that night with a pistol pointed at his forehead. He was rushed through the halls and outside to the front of the student union, where hundreds of kids in pajamas or shorts were being forced to lie in a low-walled concrete patio the students call the pit. Near him he found teammate Arnaldo Bristol. Hines and Smith were absent, because they are married and live in another part of the campus.

"They beat us up a little and then went back and tore up our rooms," Evans said. "Then they took us to jail and held us about 16 hours. Some guys had been pulled out of the shower and just had towels around them, but the cops wouldn't let them go back and put pants on. It was humiliating." At that moment the goals and rewards that had seemed important, and the conference title they had carried back to the campus only four days before, became very insignificant for Evans and Bristol. They were suddenly just two more black kids in a crowd looking up at guns and white cops.

"Would they have wrecked the dorms like that if trouble had started on an all-white campus?" asked Smith. "Did they expect to find funds hidden in the TV picture tubes they smashed?" "Are we still bitter?" added Evans. "You bet we are. These arrests damaged our reputations at home and among people who weren't there to see that we had nothing to do with the riot. And look what it did to the school's reputation."

Someone wondered if a real record or a victory by Hines over his nemesis, Charlie Greene, might get people's minds off Texas Southern's troubles. "To be realistic," said Smith, "I doubt it. This thing is a lot bigger than anything

continued



EQUALING THE 100-METER RECORD, HINES BEATS A LUNDING GREENE TO THE TAPE



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TRACK & FIELD *continued*

we can do. I wonder if people can ever forget something like this."

But his coach could not help wondering if a big win would go a long way toward calming them all down. "My boys weren't involved in any politics leading up to the trouble," Wright said, "because I believe a dedicated athlete and student hasn't much time for demonstrating. I did tell them that if they wanted to demonstrate they might as well do it by setting sprint records."

Since the relay team was hampered by the loss of the injured Clyde Duncan—replaced by Bristol—the most likely candidate to bring a record to Texas Southern Saturday was Hines, who, Wright says, is the best sprinter he has had in 16 years at TSU. Hines, usually quiet and withdrawn, was strikingly confident before his 100-meter race with Greene, the cool and casual Nebraska star who had whipped him in every one of six previous meetings. "I should have beaten him at the Drake Relays a month ago," Hines said. "He got a big break at the start. If we leave the blocks together this time it will be my race."

"If we leave the blocks together," retorted Greene, "I will have had an awful bad start." Greene's cocky assurance increased on the first attempt at a start: Hines broke too soon, and Greene remained icily stationary on the blocks, drawing laughs and cheers from the crowd as Hines trotted morosely back to his position. Wright, who knew the race would be won at the start, paced away in disgust from his spot near the blocks. Like almost everyone else, he assumed that Hines would now have to be extra cautious to avoid a second false start that would disqualify him.

Hines was cautious, but he did not get left at the post. He broke third behind Greene and Canadian recordholder Harry Jerome and, as he had promised, the fairly equal break made it Hines's race. He took the lead 15 yards from the tape and held off a late rush by Oregon State's surprising freshman, Willie Turner, who lost later by only a tenth of a second in the 220 to San Jose State's Tommie Smith. Greene made a desperate lunge at the wire, but it gained him only third place and a painful skid along the track on his chest. Leaning over and gasping for air, Hines heard the announcement: "The time. 10 seconds, tying the world record for 100 meters." But several clockings had

continued



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TRACK & FIELD *continued*

already been nullified due to excess tail wind. "I guess that will happen again," he shrugged. The wind, happily, turned out to have been just under the allowable limit, and Hines had his record. He basked in the admiration of his teammates for all of one minute before Coach Wright interrupted. "You got 32 minutes till the relay."

In the 440-yard relay, Texas Southern lacked the cohesion the runners seek so diligently through togetherness and concentration. Bristol, while swift and willing, was unable to fit perfectly into the team with only a few weeks' work. Evans ran a weak opening leg. Bristol was slow taking the baton and the short and explosive race was over. Dick Hill's well-drilled Southern University team opened a wide lead that even a brilliant final leg by Hines—he made up about eight yards on a fine sprinter named William Miller—could not overcome. "Sure Hines closed on him," laughed Dick Hill. "But I wasn't watching him. I just kept saying, go to that string quick. He did."

In opening the 880-yard relay with Hines, Wright hoped to grab a wide lead over Southern U. and hang onto it. "That can't work," Hill said later. "If you have a weak leg somewhere, we'll find it, don't worry." A speedster named Oliver Ford found Bristol after a bad baton pass, erased the lead Hines had built and set up another decisive Southern U. win. "But with the two of us dominating all these schools this way, our conference looks pretty good, doesn't it?" asked Hill, suddenly magnanimous even toward archrival Wright. The Southwestern Athletic Conference, a group of predominantly Negro schools, looked very strong indeed. And Texas Southern in particular seemed a little better in other ways after the meet.

"I'm pleased with the boys, considering the injury to Duncan that hurt us," said Wright, "and I'm very happy and proud for Jim Hines." The other boys appeared just as proud of their star. As they left they were already thinking about improving their own roles. "We're still working on our new relay lineup," said Evans. "It's not quite perfect yet. But it will be." They were thinking ahead, and the bitterness was gone from them for a while. They sat on the grass behind the stands, talking quietly. They did not hear Wright as he explained patiently to one more person. "I'll tell you, the riot just never should have happened." **END**



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The French came set for a fight

It was 3 o'clock on Saturday morning and the audience had dwindled down to a sleepy but significant few as the first round of the 1967 World Bridge Championship neared its end at the Americana Hotel in Miami Beach. France was playing Italy, and observing closely was the North American team, which had drawn a first-round bye and had every reason to assume that if it got to the finals a week hence it was going to have to face one of the two teams it was watching. Neither of the other two contenders for the world title, Venezuela and Thailand, figured to be in serious contention, though the South Americans did startle the Italians in one early match, beating them 47-46.

What the North Americans saw was in part encouraging. There was, for example, the occasion when the Italians went to a slam with two aces outstanding as losers. "When you had a slam off two aces it's time to rest," said Italian star Pietro Forquet, who promptly benched himself and his partner, Benito Garozzo, before the second half of the evening session began.

But what was less heartening to the North American cause was the fine showing of the French. After quickly falling behind, they rallied to press the Italians furiously. They did not falter and finally won the match until the 27th deal of the 32 played. The crucial hand was played by Jean-Michel Boulenger and Henri Szwarc for France against Mimmo d'Alelio and Camillo Pabis Tacci.

When East could produce nothing more dynamic than a single ruse of partner's spade opening, West decided that D'Alelio and Pabis Tacci might be able to make game in hearts. He also decided that the best way to shut them out was by means of a psychic bid in the heart suit.

But the Italians brushed this aside in

continued

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BRIDGE continued

Neither side
vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH
♠ K 3 5
♥ A 9 8 4 3
♦ A 10 6
♣ 9 2

WEST
♠ A J 10 6 4 2
♥ J 2
♦ 8 7
♣ A K 3

EAST
♠ 8 7 3
♥ 10 5
♦ K J 9 5 4 2
♣ J 8

SOUTH
♠ Q
♥ A Q 7 6
♦ Q 3
♣ Q 10 7 6 5 4

WEST (East)	NORTH (D'Aleto)	EAST (Bucinieri)	SOUTH (Fabo/Tieri)
1♣	PASS	2♦	3♦
3♥	THB.	5♦	PASS
PASS	3 N.T.	PASS	4♥
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: ace of clubs

the manner of eight-time world champions and reached a game that they would surely have missed had West simply bid three spades over South's bid of three clubs. North could not then have had a free opportunity to show strength in hearts and could hardly have afforded to bid hearts for the first time at the four level opposite a partner who had shown no support for the suit. The bidding would probably have stopped at three spades, just as it did in the other room, where the Italians went down one trick for a minus-50 score.

After the automatic opening lead of a high club against the four-heart contract, an immediate shift to a diamond would have beaten the game. The French got halfway there when East made the fine play of refusing to signal on the opening lead, playing his 8 instead of the jack. Unfortunately, West could not recognize the play of the 8 as East's lowest card, especially when declarer false-carded by dropping the 6 on the first trick.

Thinking the 8 was encouraging, West cashed a second club, and now the defense was hopeless. On the third round of clubs, declarer ruffed with dummy's ace of hearts and claimed his contract when trumps fell in two leads.

Helped by the big swing on the hand, Italy went on to beat the French 80-74. But the French had shown their mettle, and the next day they rebid the North Americans 90-45. When the Italians followed up by beating the North Americans on Sunday 66-36, the best that one could say was that, although there was a week of play still to go, the auspices for the home team were not good. **END**

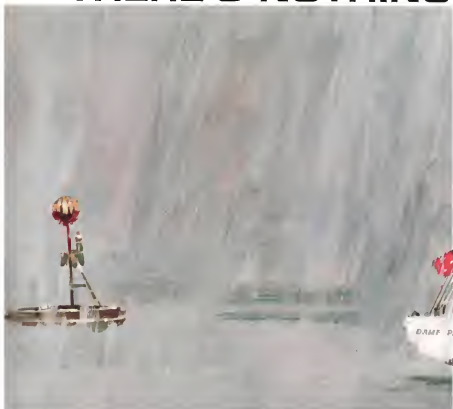
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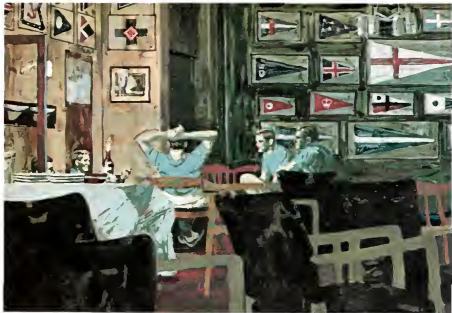
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CONTINUED



'I AM NOW 34 YEARS OLD AND CRAZY'

Twenty-four years ago, in Parramatta, Australia, a carefree boy of 10 spent his afternoons perfecting a special and totally useless art. Crouched behind a privet hedge, he would press gobs of wet clay on the tip of a springy staff. Then he would deftly flick the clay missiles into the air and watch them travel up, up, up in an exquisite trajectory until they landed with a splat on the facade of the Masonic temple across the street. If he put one or more shots inside the letter O in the word Masonic, young Warwick Hood considered the afternoon a success.

Although today Warwick Hood is a responsible adult, with a wife and two daughters, a mortgage on his house and a car not yet paid for, he is currently engaged in another odd pursuit that is just as unnecessary as tossing mud balls at a local temple, though it is somewhat more challenging. Summing up his present quest, Warwick Hood says simply, "I am now 34 years old and crazy. I am a naval architect who is trying to win the America's Cup."

For nearly five months, beginning last January, Hood's challenger sailed circles around her only rival, the 1962 cup boat, *Gretel*, in Australian waters, showing both the speed and the brittleness of a Thoroughbred. Named for the wife of a former Prime Minister, *Dame Pattie* is now on her way, by freighter, to the U.S. to face whatever American boat is chosen to meet her. In the pubs of Sydney the race is already under way. *Dame Pattie* is the darling of the daily press. She has appeared frequently on television, and if you want to know anything about 12-meter boats in Australia today it is not necessary to look up Designer Warwick Hood or his former employer, Alan Payne, who designed *Gretel*. You can find a 12-meter expert in any saloon.

Over the past few months, whenever the *Dame* loused a halyard or popped a fitting, Designer Hood got a plethora of advice and expertise from all sorts of people. "Dear Mr. Hood," a letter might read, "I hear that you are having trouble with your mast, and I have a suggestion. I am a grazer in Bourke, and although I have never sailed a boat or been on one, the other day I was looking at my windmill and it occurred to me that you should..."

All over Sydney during the one-sided trials against *Gretel* hopes for the *Dame* ran high, although there were many doubters. One day last January a gray-haired blue-water skipper caught sight of *Vim*, the aged American 12-meter, riding on her mooring in Sydney Harbor, and mistook her (God knows how) for Hood's boat. "Ah, there's the *Dame* *Pattie*," the grizzled skipper exclaimed proudly, feasting his eyes on the antiquated lines of old *Vim*. "Right now a quid of mine says she takes the cup."

A taxi driver bogged down in the traffic on the Sydney Harbor Bridge

Continued

PAINTING BY CORNELL LEE

With the "*Dame*" all snuggled down, her crewmen relax in a Sydney Yacht Squadron clubhouse (top), but in the morning they must be alert as Skipper Jack Sparrock (in cap) checks every inch of gear.

thought differently. "The *Dame's* not got a chance," he said dolefully. "She's got a crook mast. The Yanks passed a law that won't allow her to use good wood in her mast." (Actually, all of the *Dame's* masts, crook or uncrook, are made of aluminum, by choice, not by Yankee decree.)

If perchance there should be a bit more magic in *Dame Pattie* than in any of the prospective U.S. defenders (the rebuilt *Columbia*, the new *Intrepid* and the doughty *American Eagle*); if, moreover, the Australian helmsman, Jock Sturrock, can do as well across the starting line as he did with *Gretel* in 1962; and if the new Australian sailcloth, K Adron, is indeed as good as American Dacron, the cup will leave the New York Yacht Club for the first time in history. Then Designer Warwick Hood will become quite famous. He may never be knighted like Donald Bradman, the cricketer, or stuffed and put on display like Phar Lap, the wonder horse, but for sure his name will be shouted around for a while, accompanied by a great outpouring of beer.

On the other hand, if one of the *Dame's* halyards should foul or a spreader buckle at a crucial moment off Brenton Reef, or if Sturrock should drop a spinnaker too soon, or if the deck apex should get tangled in the sheets, or the afterguard's strategy prove unwise, Warwick Hood will be remembered simply as another errant knight who was struck down by an impossible windmill.

It is reckoned that this Australian challenge will cost more than 500,000 Australian dollars. But quite beyond the money, which was given in the main by big corporations, a great many individuals down under—shipwrights, riggers, sailmakers and crewmen—have given much of their time both to the *Dame* and to the ill-fated *Gretel*, which won only two out of 13 trial races against the new boat, and those because of accidents to her rival. Of all these individuals none has more at stake than Hood, who is not only giving time he should devote to more profitable work but is also laying his professional reputation on the line. Although he is aware that after every challenge the rats of hindsight always come to gnaw on the carcass of the losing designer, Hood—curiously—is the most relaxed man on the Australian team.

An America's Cup quest, with its long preparation, its days of crisis and its hours of doubt, is not compatible with the temperament of the typical Australian sailor, who is more inclined to hop in a boat with little preliminary fuss and have a bashing time of it racing around the buoys. An all-ports addict in Sydney named Jay Mayes snorts: "The America's Cup? It is months of toil and trial and furor and God knows what all. And for what? For a few races far across the sea. Meanwhile right here in Sydney Harbor our bloody beautiful 18-foot boats are at each other's throats every weekend."

The man who built the *Dame*, a feisty, red-haired 51-

year-old shipwright named Billy Barnett, is himself an 18-footer champion. He won four national titles a dozen years ago sailing these open, overcanvased boats that skitter wildly around Sydney Harbor on weekends. Builder Barnett now serves in the *Dame's* afterguard and finds it beggarly toil compared to the rambunctious action he used to enjoy in the 18-footers. "It's enough to drive you up the drain," he says. "It's that boring, you know. The 12-meter racing is all right, but the training side of it is just a bore." Since Barnett feels that way, why did he take on the job of building the *Dame*? He shrugs and smiles. "Because everyone said, 'You're mad. You can't do it.' So I took it on."

Although Warwick Hood manages to stay loose, some of the other Australian 12-meter nuts got rather tensed up early in the game. They saw spies in the shadows and found double meaning in the symposium of ordinary talk. When an American correspondent came to town to write a story about the cup quest, the word went out: a snooper is loose. When Ted Hood, the American sailmaker (and no kin to Warwick), passed through Sydney, he, too, was dubbed a snooper. Discovering that Warwick Hood has a man from Stonington, Conn. on his payroll, a member of the *Dame Pattie* syndicate took him aside to ask, "What's that Yank doing in your office?"

When things are really going badly, Jock Sturrock, the *Dame's* helmsman, exudes about as much Old World charm as a Queensland crocodile. Skipper Sturrock's attitude radiates outward, affecting some members of his team and wasting itself on others, who know how to be serious in purpose and light in heart. Hood has remained a favorite of the television crews in Australia largely because he made their work easier in a strange way. As one TV cameraman put it, "Most of the America's Cuppers have their jaws set, as if they were suffering from stomach gas. But Warwick Hood gives you a big smile. Even in low light you can usually get a good focus off the cracks in his teeth."

Pondering tension that was prevalent all over Sydney during the early trials, Colin Ryrie, an Olympic sailor who served in *Gretel's* afterguard, said, "Australians are not normally secretive. I think the least understandable feature of the 12-meter project here is that we tried to build enormous secrecy around *Gretel* and *Dame Pattie*. This 12-meter business does seem to transform people who are usually easygoing into intense creatures."

Ryrie is a reasonable authority on this phenomenon, since he was one of the principals involved in what is now known among Sydney yachtsmen as the Battle of Berry's Bay. It so happened that in March of 1966 Paul Elvstrom of Denmark, the world's best around-the-buoys skipper and the only man to win gold medals in four Olympic Games, passed through Sydney on his way to the world 5-0-5 sailing championship in Adelaide. Naturally, as a sailor of many classes and distinctions, Elvstrom was interested in looking at both

of the Australian 12-meter hulls—the new *Dame*, then being built, and old *Gretel*, under alteration. Since he was an old friend and rival, Colin Ryrie took the visiting Dane along with another sailor, Pierre Poullain of France, around to Barnett's boatyard in an outboard runabout. Poullain, unfortunately, had a camera. As Ryrie recalls, "He had it hanging around his neck like an American tourist." Although all Ryrie, and hence Poullain's lens, could see of the *Dame* was a stubby end protruding out of the boat shed, the voice of Shipwright Billy Barnett suddenly poured out of an upper-story window. "Strong Australian language," Ryrie remembers. In the next instant a three-foot piece of hardwood timber sailed out of the window, missing the boat by a few yards. The timber was followed by more strong Australian language, whereupon the combined Danish-French-Australian landing party withdrew, with Elvstrom exclaiming in fractured English, "That man are mad."

Since he earns his living as managing editor of the Australian monthly *Modern Boating*, Ryrie attended the official launching of the *Dame* five months later. The Danish sailor was not with him then, but for the occasion Ryrie and two colleagues, the editor and advertising manager of *Modern Boating*, all rented Viking helmets and shields from a theatrical supply house.

When Warwick Hood accepted the job of designing a new 12-meter three years ago, his father pointed out that he would be in good company, since the first shipbuilding "rule" was laid down by the Lord when He gave Noah the specifications for the Ark (*Genesis* 6:14-16). But, despite his seemingly high professional connections, for a while it seemed someone up there did not like Warwick Hood. On the *Dame*'s first trial the main halyard fouled. On the second day out, with Hood himself at the helm in an easy five-knot breeze, a spreader suddenly buckled and the *Dame*'s mast crashed into the sea. As he sat beside the tangle of sailcloth, shrouds and stays, Hood's first comment was a brief appeal, *sotto voce*, direct to the Supreme Naval Architect. Later he announced cheerfully to the sad and strate humans around him, "Every fast 12-meter in the world has broken her mast."

"Some people were ready to hang him," Colin Ryrie relates. "But I'll say this for Hood, he was a very calm person. He never lets failures or successes go to his head. When things look black he can smile, and when things look terribly rosy he can be realistic."

When her mast was mended the *Dame* began to look very good indeed as she galloped around on the rolling Pacific. Hopes soared. Warwick Hood became a hero, so much a hero that his bank manager extended his credit. In January the *Dame* won two of the first three official races against her rival. She took the first race in heavy weather; then, in the second, she beat *Gretel* in light air as decisively as the U.S. defender, *Weatherly*, had done in 1962. In the third

race, in winds rising to 20 knots, the *Dame* was more than four minutes ahead, punching through eight-foot swells, 250 yards from the finish line, when—whoopsy!—her mast came down again. For the benefit of the legion of skeptics that was instantly reborn, Designer Hood declared, "We now have the only 12-meter in the world that has broken her mast twice." After the second disaster a stiffer, less sophisticated mast was stepped in the *Dame*. Meanwhile *Gretel*, whose new look has proved disappointing, went back to the shipyard to have her bottom reshaped.

News of the cup has been known to make the front page in the U.S., but only during the heat of the races themselves. In the early stages of the game, before serious trials have even begun, if one U.S. designer stole the plans and the wife of a rival the whole affair would rate a few paragraphs in the second section of most American newspapers. Not so in Australia. The press there gives the cup a big play whenever there is news about it—and sometimes when

continued



As "Dame Pattie" sits on the ways, her designer (in necktie) joins Builder Billy Barnett in the cockpit to discuss some changes.

there isn't any. One morning last winter (his summer) the *Dome's* helmsman, Jock Sturrock, awoke to find himself saying—in inch-high type—that his boat was the fastest 12-meter ever built. Since he did not recall either saying or thinking such a thing, this irked Sturrock.

At another time the Sydney *Sun*, a daily adept at turning almost any wisp of smoke into a bonfire, brushed aside the Vietnam war, Mao Tse-tung's troubles and Sophia Loren's miscarriage and gave over its front page to the rumor that Warwick Hood was about to design another 12-meter, faster than the *Dome*. This newsbreak kept Hood's phone—and the phones of several irritated neighbors—busy with calls from faraway places like Canberra, Alice Springs and New York City.

Because they love to keep fit by fighting among themselves, few Australians consider the America's Cup a simple two-sided contest. During the time of the trials it was the *Dome* versus *Gretel* versus the Yanks—a three-way war loaded with intrigue and machinations. The arrival of a "secret shipment" of mahogany in Sydney in June 1966 started the rumor that the *Gretel* syndicate was building a new boat. In revealing that the latest Australian sailcloth was proving as good as American cloth, one journal confided that its report was based on "an admission wrung unwillingly from a conservative fellow," thus suggesting to its readers that some textile worker had been tortured, medieval style, until the secret simply oozed out of him.

At the start of the trials, even the Melbourne *Age*, a paper usually as drably factual as a tide calendar, was prompted to forecast, "Intense rivalry will develop between the Australian syndicates, with a good amount of speculation and polite spying by all—Americans included."

Why does the cup, a Yankee keepsake for 116 years, excite and incite Australians so? Quite simply, because it is in their stars. Ever since they took a slow boat halfway around the world to the first modern Olympics, Australian sportsmen have been traveling far and paying dearly to try for all sorts of honors and queer prizes—and the America's Cup is just about as expensive and queer a prize as you can find. The fact that a challenge involves a tremendous expenditure of time, money and technology merely spurs Australians on, for they are the world's greatest gamblers.

The first Australian challenge was launched with *Gretel* in 1962 by Sir Frank Packer, the witty, burly-burly overlord of a Sydney publishing empire. When Sir Frank was asked what provoked him into trying, he replied, "Alcohol and delusions of grandeur." Recently, when asked why he undertook the design of Australia's first challenger, Naval Architect Alan Payne said with a shake of his head and a slow smile, "Because I was right for the job. In Australia there was no one who knew how to sail anything like a 12-meter. There was no one who knew how to build anything like a 12-meter. Since I had no experience designing a

12-meter, I fitted perfectly into the whole crazy affair."

Because he had served as Payne's assistant during *Gretel's* challenge, Warwick Hood was well aware of the damaging effect such an enterprise can have on a naval architect's livelihood—the steady customers drifting away while the architect labors to give birth to a useless racing machine.

Having seen Payne fold up his shop largely as a consequence of his devotion to *Gretel*, Hood was resolved never to get involved in the design of another challenger. Then, four months before the futile English challenge of 1964, an affluent Melbourne named Otto Meik said to Hood at lunch, "Let's face it, Warwick, the English are going to lose, and I reckon we ought to have another go at it. Will you design a boat?" As Hood recalls, without waiting for instructions from his brain his mouth immediately opened and let out the word yes. In the three years following that first, faithful word Hood has traveled far—to Newport to watch England's *Sovereign* take a beating, to Scotland to confer with Designer David Boyd, whose record of cup failures (*Sceptre*, *Sovereign* and *Kurrewa V*) comes close to matching that of Sir Thomas Lipton, and to various sacred wells of technology like MIT and Stevens Institute. Hood and his assistants spent 10,000 hours designing and redesigning, testing in tanks and tunnels, feeding data to a computer and ruminating on its digested fact. They tried seven different models and up to 15 variations of some of them. An odd, upside-down rudder was tested and incorporated because it seemed to offer the advantage of a few hundredths of a knot. Modification No. 3 of model No. 7, complete with upside-down rudder, finally became the expensive reality now known as the *Dome*.

She is not a lovely boat. She has none of the wanton, cloudlike beauty of the old J boats, none of the extravagant good looks even of old 12-meter girls like *Jin* and *Esau*. In profile she is stubby, knuckle-bowed. Head on, she is fine, V-shaped—hatchet-faced, as it were. She was designed not to dance over the chop-chop of the sea but to punch through it. She shows tenderness in soft air, but she stiffens surprisingly when the wind is up.

Though she is certainly the most efficient and fastest 12-meter challenger yet built, the *Dome* is not, in a strict sense, a ship well found. Warwick Hood designed her, not to roam the seven seas, but explicitly to win four good races next September in the fluky winds and sloppy waters off Newport. The *Dome* is sparsely framed and has only a single skin. Although he is most proud of her, Hood admits with refreshing candor, "The *Dome* leaks like a bloody basket. She has more pumps in her than an ocean liner. You must remember, 12-meters are a development class: the yacht built for one challenge has little chance in the next. Even if she wins the cup, about the best thing we could do with the *Dome* after September is chop her up and sell her as firewood to the poor people of Redfern."

continued

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If Hood's *Dame* should win, it is hoped that the good people of Australia will not go overboard and erect a statue in his honor. Warwick Hood is a personable man, good-looking and popular, but he is not the sort who would look right immobilized in bronze in a public park with pigeon droppings on his head and prams full of babies at his feet. Visually speaking, Warwick Hood is anything but august, as statue material he is an undignified failure.

As Hood goes about his daily business, his shirttail is often aflop, his navel exposed. Although professionally he is accustomed to pursuing any questionable matter to the third decimal place, his everyday manner and gait are anything but measured. He frequently bounds around like a lanky ruggerman who lost the last of his brains a hundred scrums ago. Even when engaged in heady conversation in the bar of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, his necktie is often askew and he keeps brushing his hair off his forehead and laughing uproariously like a boy.

Some months back, when the *Dame* was sailing alone and *Gretel* was in the shed, Designers Hood and Payne met on the walkway outside the Yacht Squadron. "To keep you from worrying about what we're doing to *Gretel*," Payne said, "I'll tell you. We're making the bow finer and the stern fuller."

"But you just got through making the stern finer," said Hood.

"I know," Payne answered, "and now we're making it fuller again."

Hood subsequently had a drawing of *Gretel* made up to present to Payne. The drawing showed *Gretel* divided into three parts, with zippers so that various bow and stern sections could be taken on and off.

Both Hood and Payne insist that naval architecture is a cold technology where classic disciplines count heavily and inspiration barely at all. But both men, in their manner, belie their claim. After talking for an hour about turbulence, laminar flow and Reynolds numbers, Hood will suddenly break away from technology and bring up the ex-

traneous tale that the foundry workers employed by the old Italian master Cellini once burned the furniture to keep the fire going under a peccious casting. He reckons there is some parallel to be drawn between Cellini's Renaissance artisans and the 20th century craftsmen who toil over a useless 12-meter yacht while their practical livelihood floats out the window.

Discussing the 12-meter designs of his U.S. rival Olin Stephens in cold technical terms a few months ago, Hood recalled *Vim*, Stephens' beautiful old seagoing dodo. He remembered that it was *Vim* that had first infected him with the 12-meter plague. "Sir Frank Pucker rented *Vim*," he related, "and I was working for Alan Payne when she arrived in Sydney. I watched this thing called *Vim* lifted in a cradle from a boat deck. I had never seen a 12-meter before—only pictures and a book, *Summer of the Twelves* by Carleton Mitchell. Have you ever read *The Revelation of St. John the Divine* in that wild book, the Bible? It tells of someone who sees something clearly for the first time in his heart and in his mind. That is how I saw *Vim*, a revelation. In a few weeks we put spars in her and went sailing, and nothing like it had ever happened to me before. *Vim* was nervous and alive, the wind hardly blew, yet she galloped in the harbor. I spent three months on *Vim*, looking her over, measuring her, fiddling, doing all sorts of things, knowing that somewhere in this boat was the genius of her designer, Olin Stephens."

After several minutes of such inspirational sputtering, Hood settled back into cold technology, discoursing slowly on the relation of keel shape to forward thrust. Within 10 minutes the living, breathing, gambling Australian in him came out again. "There has never been a second place in the America's Cup," he said. "You don't come first or second. You come first or last. You know what I'd like to see happen at Newport this September? Each boat take three races. Then the seventh and final race, a bloody cliff-hanger. Gawd, what a show that would be."

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In ancient rite, Mexican priestesses prepared "magic mushrooms," called divine because they produce ecstatic visions.

Illusion—the mind insists on seeing these concentric circles as a spiral.

A Shattering Psychosis

That race is progressing steadily in the technology is clearly evident in the extraordinary success of the Japanese in recent years. Japan has not only become the world's most advanced nation in such areas as electronic equipment, automobiles, and computers, but it has also become a major force in the world's economy.

These species live close to the shore, but also in shallow, brackish water. They are found in the same habitats as the other species of the genus, but are more common in the coastal zone. They are found in the same habitats as the other species of the genus, but are more common in the coastal zone.



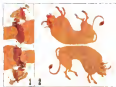
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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

CHICAGO (4-3) had trouble with its pitching for a change, but the hitherto puny hitting exploded. The Sox belted .322 as a team over a seven-game stretch, and Tom McCraw belted three home runs in one game. Gary Peters, the hard-hitting pitcher, had eight base hits in his last 16 at bats. The Detroit (3-3) home-run pace, which was averaging seven a week, fell off to three though the second-place Tigers stayed close to the White Sox. BATTIMORE (4-2) hitting picked up, but the Orioles were still looking for consistent pitching (*see below*). Dave McNally was angry when Manager Hank Bauer took him out in the fifth inning of one game. "I make my living on win-," he complained later. Bauer replied, "They're thinking too much of themselves." Reports said the Orioles were trying to get Jim Lonborg, who has a 6-1 record, from BOSTON (3-3), but Red Sox Vice-President Haywood Sullivan retorted, "They tried last winter and last spring, and they're still trying. I told them to pretend that Lonborg has gone away for 10 years and let's talk about somebody else." Rocky Colavito was still mad at CLEVELAND (5-2) Manager Joe Adcock about being platooned. Rocky hurled his bat when Adcock lifted him for a left-handed pinch hitter, but two days later, with a right-hander on the mound in the 10th inning, Adcock let the right-handed Colavito bat and Rocky responded with a three-run, game-winning home run. DEAN CHANCE of MINNESOTA (4-4) lost after seven straight wins, but Jim Merritt, given an opportunity to start because of 25-game winner Jim Kaat's oblique failure, tossed a shutout. Although Tony Oliva was batting only .204, Bob Allison took up some of the slack when he either drove in or scored all the Twins' runs in successive 4-1, 4-3 victories over the Athletics.

The bright young KANSAS CITY (2-5) pitchers were getting thrashed. Jim Nash was 5-4 with a 3.59 ERA, Lew Krausse was 2-7 and Blue Moon Odum had a 5.00 ERA. Manager Al Dark looked enviously on Jack Sanford of CALIFORNIA (4-2), who won 24 games for Dark in 1962 when both were with the Giants. Sanford beat the A's twice in seven days for his sixth win over them in two years without a loss. Mickey Mantle continued to hit (11 home runs for the season), but the other Yankees did not. NEW YORK (2-4) won only when it got shutout pitching from Al Downing and Mel Stottlemyre. WASHINGTON (2-5) had hitting and relief pitching woes. Even Darold Knowles, who had gone 18 2/3 innings in relief without yielding a run, was beaten.

Standings: Chi 26-13, Cal 26-14, Balt 18-18, Cleve 19-13, Bos 15-20, Minn 18-23, KC 20-21, NY 16-23, Cal 18-24, Wash 16-23

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Previously unbeaten relievers Ted Abernathy and Gerry Arrigo of CINCINNATI (2-4) both lost, but Pete Rose, aiming at the batting title, raised his average above .325 and extended his hitting streak to 23 games. Before a doubleheader with the Cubs, Rose told a friend, "I need six hits today. You know, I haven't had a 4 for 5 day once this year yet. I must have had seven of them last year." Rose went only 4 for 8 in the doubleheader, but one was a homer over the bleachers against the wind. Nearsighted Dick Hughes of ST. LOUIS (3-3) shut out the Braves on two hits. A folksy type from Arkansas, Hughes says, "Before I wore glasses, I couldn't recognize my mother." Most PITTSBURGH (4-2) batters were fighting slumps, but Roberto Clemente, hitting in the .380s, stayed hot. He went hitless in only four of his first 36 games, three of which the Pirates

lost. Amazing Roy Face, 39, had an 0.00 ERA after 16 innings of relief spread over 13 games. He's now known as the "late, late reliever." SAN FRANCISCO (4-1) had weather trouble. With Juan Marichal (who later beat the Dodgers for his eighth straight) scheduled to pitch against them, the Phillies canceled a game because the 55° weather was "too cold." Then the Giants lost a weird 10-5 game to LOS ANGELES (3-3) in Candlestick Park when a 45-mph wind whirled dust into the players' eyes and baseballs out of their gloves. Don Drysdale's scoreless streak ended at 25 2/3 innings when Willie Mays's windblown pop-up fell safely near first base for a two-run double. CHICAGO (2-3) beat the league-leading Reds two out of three and then blew two straight to the last-place Astros. Adolfo Phillips won one game when he bunted safely with two strikes, stole second, went to third on an overthrow and scored on an infield chopper. ATLANTA (3-4) lost three straight to NEW YORK (4-3) for 12 defeats in 15 road games, and General Manager Paul Richards fumed. A club official said, "If this keeps up, there'll be some changes made, whether Billy Hitchcock [the Braves' manager] likes them or not." Star left-hander Chris Short of floundering PHOENIX (1-4) collided with a teammate in pregame practice, damaged a ligament in his knee and was put on the disabled list, prompting a local newspaper to comment, "The Phillies were found dead here yesterday." Hit-hungry HOUSTON (3-2) rapped out a 17-4 win over the Cubs. During the 17-run uprising, John Baitman, eager to swing, protested that a Ray Culp pitch had not hit him, but adamant, the plate umpire ordered the grumbling Baitman to take first base.

Standings: Cin 26-16, Phi 23-14, Pitt 22-18, SF 22-18, Chi 20-18, SF 20-20, LA 12-23, Phil 16-22, NY 14-23, Min 14-27

HIGHLIGHT

No longer do players and not-so-perfect strangers point a finger at Moe Drabowsky (right) of the Baltimore Orioles and say, "There he is. There's the guy who gave up Stan Musial's 3,000th hit, the guy who was the losing pitcher when Earl Wayne finally got his 300th victory, the guy who was born to be a loser." Moe Drabowsky was not born to lose, though for a while it seemed that way. Before joining the Orioles last year the former Cub, Brave, Red and Athletics pitcher had a 48-81 lifetime record. But as a reliever for the Orioles he has been nothing but a winner (6-0 last year, 5-0 plus three saves this season), and he has been a distinct comfort to Manager Hank Bauer. About the only thing that makes Bauer's hair stand on end (his spray aside) is the

thought of his star pitchers who, after their superb work last fall against the Dodgers, have been as erratic this season as Bauer feared they might be. Steve Barber walked 42 men in 37 1/3 innings. Dave McNally finished none of his first nine starts and in 43 innings gave up 38 hits, nine of them homers. Jim Palmer has shoulder trouble. Wally Bunker has been exiled to the bullpen. Tom Phoebus pitched two shutouts last week, but until then had been ineffective. Even Stu Miller, the old master of relief, was limping along with an 0-4 record. Baltimore's pitching crisis would have been an utter disaster had it not been for Drabowsky. Now, when people point at Moe they say, "There he is. There's the guy who struck out 11 men in relief in the World Series, the guy with the three wins, the three saves and the 0.76 ERA this year. There's the unbeatable Oriole."



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SWIFT TON

Sirs:

Frank Deford's article about San Jose State's Tommie Smith (*Built for Chasing Jeopardies*, May 22) was stuffed with superlatives, and correctly so.

I think now everyone will agree that Tommie is the greatest all-round dash man anyone has ever seen. But please bear one point in mind: there is one man alive who could give Smith a run for his money. It's too bad Henry Carr signed a football contract in 1964, or the 44-second-dash quarter mile might be a reality by now.

Mitchell Orfuss

New York City

Sirs:

It's about time someone of the press recognized Tommie Smith for what he is, the greatest sprinter track and field has ever seen. Smith up to now has been continuously ignored by the American press, even though he now holds or shares nine world records. Indeed, even SI used to concentrate on the buildup of Jim Ryan, while giving Tommie no more than a footnote in *Los THIRTEEN*.

We at San Jose State are very proud of Tommie, and we hope that in the future the other news media across the nation will follow your example by finally giving him the recognition he deserves.

Steve Malyvark

San Jose, Calif.

SPINPLAYOFF

Sirs:

Re your editorial, "Superplan" (*Scorecards*, May 15), you have to be kidding. The National Hockey League's new Stanley Cup playoff scheme is ridiculous. Imagine a 70-game regular schedule and a possible 21-game playoff.

Ask any player and he will tell you that he prefers a shorter schedule rather than an expanded one. I don't know which is worse: the NHL's playoff scheme or the NFL's new four-division setup. I believe both leagues missed the boat when they did not set up their divisions geographically.

I prefer baseball's World Series of American League winner vs. National League winner. Why should a second-, third- or fourth-place team get a chance at the championship when they didn't prove best over a 70-game schedule?

I suppose the new plan will be a \$600,000 Superdome matching Kentucky Derby finishers 1 and 3 and 2 and 4. 1 or starters, how about Proud Clanton vs. Danosco and Burbs Delight vs. Benson to Hall?

Alburt T. Fuleo

Buffalo

FUNNY GIRL

Sirs:

Bravo for Jeannette Bruce's *Confession of a Judo Roll-out* (May 22). It's marvelous. Her humor grows out of a true sense of the ridiculous, which she sees in herself first of all. While I haven't an athletic bone in my body, she has started me thinking, and I just may run up to Judo, Inc. and enroll.

Thanks to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for one of the most enjoyable half hours of reading I've ever spent.

Noel H. Bustard

New York City

Sirs:

It was most interesting to see *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* carry an article regarding the sport of judo in the May 22 issue. Even though it was on one of the commercial schools, it was the best explanation of the sport of judo that I have seen in any commercial magazine or newspaper.

Your readers may also be interested to know that the World Judo Championships will take place for the first time in America on August 9 to 12 in Salt Lake City. It is reported that there will be more competing nations than in any other international athletic event, including the Olympics. You might also be interested in knowing that, according to AAU records, there are more registered amateur athletes in the sport of judo than any other sport except swimming and track and field, interesting to the great development and participation in this sport in the U.S. as well as the rest of the world.

Congratulations on bringing the sport of judo to the public.

Charles H. Lammer

U.S. Olympic Committee

New York City

STICK SHIFT

Sirs:

The timing of your May 22 stories on Spratner Tommie Smith and the Johns Hopkins lacrosse team (*The Jays Tamed into a Jolt*) couldn't have been better, but the news that both made Saturday, May 20, couldn't have been more different. Tommie set new world records for 400 meters and 440 yards (*Tommie in a Breeze*, May 29) and verified everything you implied about him—that he's the best ever in the longer sprints.

On the other hand, Hopkins' poor Blue Jays met with disaster and were soundly trounced by an up University of Maryland team that went out to an early lead and held it for a 9-5 win. Not even Tommie Smith with a stick could have kept the Jays on their perch.

Stephen Gould

Cheverly, Md.

Sirs:

You stated, "Now the Blue Jays only need to defeat Maryland . . . and Bill Bilderback, who coaches the Navy and ought to know, doesn't expect them to fail." Mr. Bilderback and Gary Romberg may both be authorities on lacrosse; however, it is quite apparent that they both underestimated our Terps. The final score was Maryland 9, Hopkins 5. To repeat what was shouted from the stands during the closing moments of the game: "We're No. 1."

STEVEN D. FORMAN

PHILLIP A. PROGER

College Park, Md.

Sirs:

In this day of big-time college athletics, it is especially gratifying to see a school such as Johns Hopkins—with its lofty academic reputation—repeatedly gain national prominence in an intercollegiate sport.

I was fortunate to have been actively involved in various aspects of the Hopkins sports program while a student there a few years ago. I was always considerably impressed by the fact that the coaches, though naturally intent on winning, made it a point to continually remind us that our studies came first and athletics second.

Hats off to Hopkins or any institution of higher learning that is able to maintain academic excellence and produce a national sports power, too.

PAUL KROEMER

Albany, N.Y.

GLIMMERING

Sirs:

Congratulations on your article about the Boston Red Sox's *A Shaky Revival of Hope* (*Bo Sox*, May 15). The Red Sox have the capabilities, and now they have an exciting manager to match. The future certainly looks bright. In any case, it can't get any dimmer!

PEC, PETER MUELLER

U.S. Armed Forces, Vietnam

Sirs:

My thanks to Joe Jares for his fine (and long-awaited) article on the Red Sox and their fiery new manager, Dick Williams. He certainly brought out the potential playing abilities of the Red Sox and has revived my hope in them. Who knows? This year first division, next year maybe the pennant.

DAVID LAUEZER

Bristol, Conn.

SPRING SESSION

Sirs:

Dedication to athletics is hardly to be scorned, but as far as Notre Dame is concerned

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EVERYTHING FOR FOOT CARE

19TH HOLE continued

cerned SI seems nearly evangelistic. Despite the graduating seniors' rather abundant tongue, the Oldtimers spring football game (*State Old Grads Get a Hazing*, May 15) hardly seems the mean of a literary lion like John Underwood. While sports publicity, or any other kind of publicity, is not a service to be disparaged, the Notre Dame egotist is, in national eyes, becoming increasingly football-shaped. Cool it.

BOB BRIGANTIER
RICK SAVILLE
JAMES MCKINNA

Notre Dame, Ind.

Sirs:

There you go beating the drums for Notre Dame again, when deep down you know that Alabama would have shipped the Irish as easily as Nebraska.

LAWRENCE G. PUGH JR.

Crowley, La.

VICTORY AT SEA

Sirs:

The great question of who is No. 1 in the country has finally been decided in combat. No, it is not Michigan State or Notre Dame or Alabama. Just who is it, then? Why, Marquette College, of course! Marquette crews swept over these three and six other universities in the Mid-America Regatta for the second straight year (*Astoria Marquette Mail Probe*, May 15).

Michigan State, Notre Dame and Alabama don't even get No. 2, Purdue rates that spot.

ALAN KILSO

Marquette, Ohio

HOOKED

Sirs:

Robert Boyle doesn't know how right he is when he says that netting dragonflies is "even more fun than fishing" (*A Midsummer's Meal for a Largemouth Bass*, May 8). I began collecting dragonflies a couple of years ago after becoming discouraged with my golf game. Not a logical change, perhaps, but a greatly satisfying one. I get outside, get plenty of exercise and get all the competition I can handle from these wary insects. The exhilaration of netting a big red *Anax longipes* that has eluded you for an hour is the same feeling, I'm sure, that a fisherman gets upon landing a big one.

True, my friends laugh when I slam on my brakes in a crowded parking lot, grab my ever-present net and jump out to chase a *Pantala flavescens* between parked cars or run after a Gomphid that has sought refuge in a service station. But I press on.

Tell Mr. Boyle to get in touch and we will make him honorary chairman of our local Dragonfly Club—as soon as he throws away his flyrod and gets down to serious business.

FRANK G. WILKES

Chapel Hill, N.C.

The Short, Happy Life of a Knuckle-ball Pitcher

What makes a prodigy of 10 a has-been at 13? Not forgetting how to pitch, just forgetting that others may learn to hit by STEPHEN DARST

There is a phenomenon known to psychologists as the idiot-savant—a person of low intelligence and ability who possesses one outstanding talent, like remembering long strings of how-car numbers. As a juvenile athlete I was not an absolute idiot, perhaps, but certainly far from gifted in almost every department of sport. However, when it came to throwing a knuckle ball at a bewildered batter I was a 10-year-old prodigy.

I developed the art while playing catch with my brother. He was several years older than I—14 to my almost 11—and was fairly strong where I was just short of anemic. He also traveled widely in the 14-year-old society of St. Louis in the early 1940s.

Consequently he was privy to the secrets of the great world outside our neighborhood. When he would return from one of his sorties into this wonderland he would bring back bits of gossip and lore that kept us younger children enthralled at the dinner table.

The gossip I didn't care about, but the lore, having to do mostly with sports, fascinated me. I was not fully aware at that age how hard I was at athletics. I went to a private boys' school and private boys' schools are good at shielding inferior talents from the knowledge of their inadequacies. The only inkling you got of a tougher world outside the school walls came when you played sandlot baseball with neighborhood kids and the line drives stung more sharply as they whistled into your glove.

The drives were particularly sharp when I pitched. My brother and I played catch so much that I had learned how to control the ball well, and batters liked the slow, grooved pitches I threw over the heart of the plate. I had experimented with all the known grips and twists, trying to get some variety in my pitching, but nothing worked until my brother came home one fine day with a working knowledge of the procedures for throwing a knuckle ball. The trick, for players

of less than full maturity, was to grip the ball normally with the ring and little fingers and thumb, doubling up only the first and second fingers.

The wonderful thing about this pitch was that when you learned it you could vary the curve. Thrown three-quarters, it broke and dived, thrown overhead, it went straight downward, sidearm it curved in a great sweep. A hard fast ball went with each curve like a cheap pair of extra pants.

Our neighborhood team was organized around a 13-year-old center fielder known as Brother Spitz. He was a scrawny, ungraceful wheeler-dealer with a Clausenitz-like knowledge of street-fighting tactics, who arranged games with other teams through feelers as vague as those sought in Vietnam. Rumor would come that there was another team of approximately our age and ability that might be interested in taking us on. From then on it was like a Wilderness campaign. We knew that the other team was out there somewhere, and we would try to draw it out by prodding, putting out feelers and patrols. Negotiations for a game would be undertaken, a time, a day and a field set. And even after the game was set there was no assurance that the other team would show up.

Each game was opening night for me. Connie Mack once said that pitching is 75% of baseball; there is no doubt that it is the position that has 90% of the glamour. When you hold the ball in your hand and the batter waits, a feeling of enormous power comes over you.

The fear of losing my stuff haunted that period of my life. Every spring I would trudge onto the field for the first practice, a hard knot burning in my stomach. There was never any doubt that my talent was gone, it was merely a question of whether hard practice would bring it back. For weeks I would throw one fat, straight-grooved pitch after another, without a hint of a curve. Then a remembered twist would come back, a

continued

MEET:



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Born in Lowell, Iowa, Art is a graduate of Iowa Wesleyan University, with a bachelor of science degree in Chemistry. He resides in Burlington where he is active in the Rotary Club, Chamber of Commerce, the Iowa Leaders' Club and other civic and community organizations. Art Morrow is a full-time career representative with Connecticut General's Davenport Branch, serving his clients from his office at 706 F & M Building in Burlington. What's more, he has long been one of the leading businessmen in the area.

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faint rhythm would be felt and the ball would again do its tricks.

This went on every summer from my 10th to my 13th year. During all that time I pitched at least four no-hitters, and the Brother Spitz team went unbeaten. Then just at the point when my athletic future looked brightest disaster struck. It hit right smack in the fourth inning of a scoreless game in the middle of my 13th year. I threw my best knuckleball to the lead-off batter and followed its journey to the catcher's glove, like a father watching a child dart across a street through traffic. I waited for that climactic instant when my pitch would duck safely under the menacing bat. It ducked, but so did the bat.

Like a horrified parent watching his child struck down, I saw the bat move into the path of the ball, into the new path, into a powerful arc that connected perfectly, sending a magnificent drive far over the center fielder's head.

I couldn't believe it. Facing the next man, I was certain that the home run had been an accident, a lucky swing. Perhaps the batter had been half blind and had not been subject to the dazzle of my curve. Before I could start feeling very good with that thought another curve came whirling back at me, and then another and another.

It was not just the end of a bad day, but of a whole beautiful era. My youth had suddenly vanished. It was not that I had lost my prodigious ability to control the ball, it was just that those opposing me had at last grown up to the secret. Kids of 13, I suddenly discovered on the mound that day, could follow a curve, wait for the break, pick up the flight and hit the ball horrifying distances. The knuckleballer of 12 had lost his magic.

Today in my best dreams I still go back to that finest of times, the age of 12, the height of my career, when I stood on the mound spending a disdant amount of time dusting my fingers with a resin bag while gazing at a silver plane disappearing over the outfield. Then back to the pitching rubber, an arrogant glance at the catcher, a shake and then a nod of the head, a pause.

And then it is there again, that magic knuckle ball heading toward the batter's belt buckle for a second, two seconds, then sailing down and out, out of the batter's futile attempt to reach it, out of danger.

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